



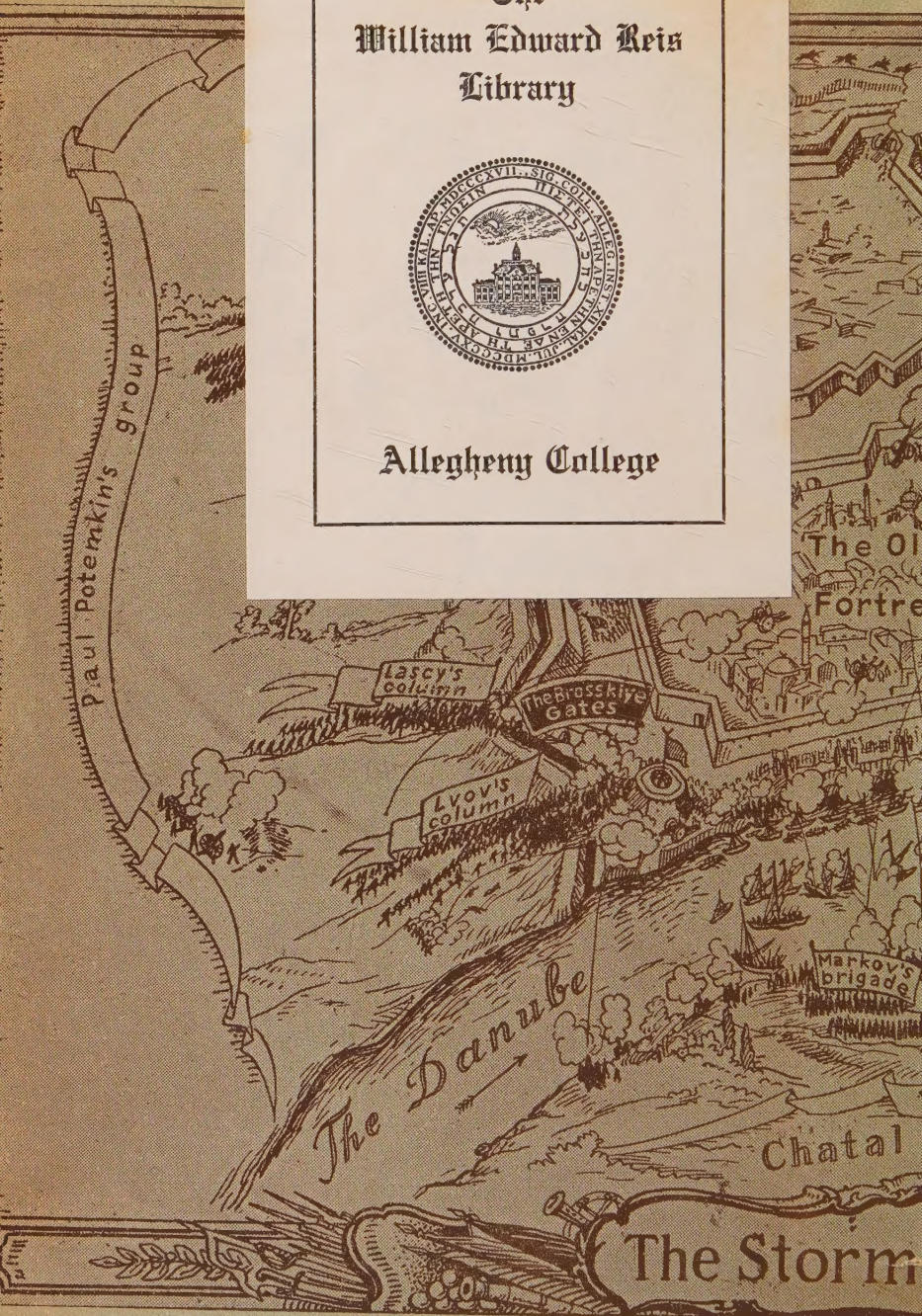
SUVOROV

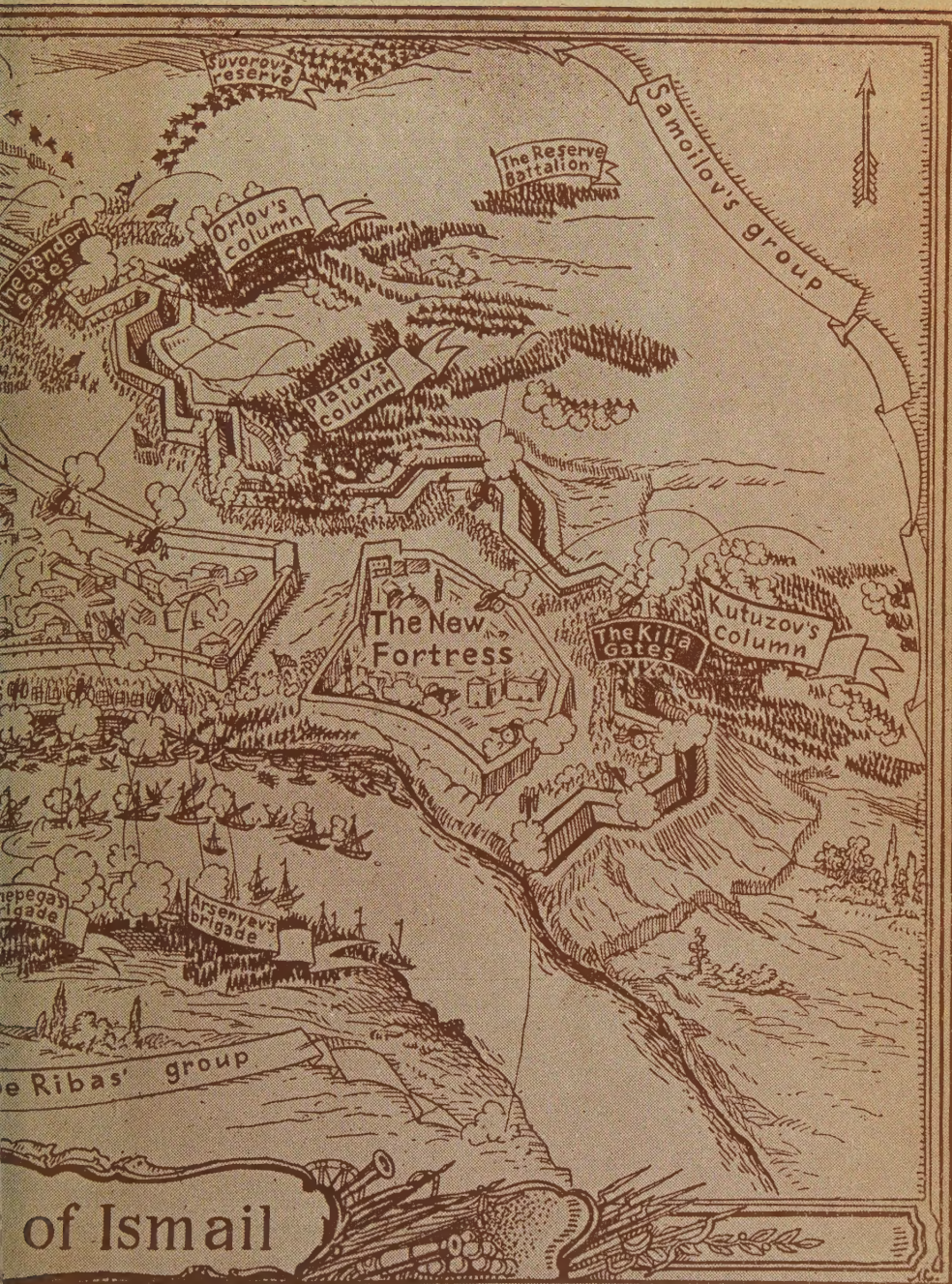
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SUVOROV




FOREIGN LANGUAGES PUBLISHING HOUSE
MOSCOW 1945

Printed in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics

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CHAPTER I

Suvorov's Youth



ALEXANDER Vassilyevich Suvorov, the most outstanding military leader of his time, belonged to an ancient Novgorod family. In the reign of Peter I, his grandfather, Ivan Grigoryevich Suvorov, served in the Preobrazhensky Regiment as regimental clerk. When his son, Vassili, was born Peter acted as the godfather. When the godson reached the age of fifteen the Tsar appointed him his batman and interpreter, and soon after sent him abroad to learn the art of shipbuilding. Among other things Vassili Suvorov brought home from abroad was his own translation of *The True Method of Fortifying Cities Published by the Celebrated Engineer Vauban*. This translation was published in Russia in 1724. After the death of Peter I, Catherine I promoted Vassili to Sergeant in the Preobrazhensky Regiment and this started him on his military career. In the 1750's he was promoted to the rank of General and for a short time held the post of Procurator of the Senate. Catherine II said of Vassili Suvorov: "He was a man of incorruptible honesty and highly educated. He understood or could speak seven or eight dead and living languages. I trusted him immensely and never pronounced his name except with the utmost respect."

Vassili Suvorov was a man of relatively moderate means. He derived his main income from his estate, Konchanskoye, in the Novgorod Gubernia, where he had about two hundred serfs. In 1720 he married Avdotiya Fedoseyevna Manukova, who bore him two daughters and a son, Alexander, who was born in Moscow, on November 13, 1730.

Peter I had introduced a law by which all members of the nobility were obliged to go into military service and to start from the lowest ranks. The nobility found means of evading the latter part of this law by entering their sons in the Guards soon after they were born. While the youthful "Guardsmen" were living with their parents their promotion proceeded automatically with the result that by the time they joined the colours they were already full-blown officers. By the irony of fate, however, Alexander Suvorov, the future Generalissimo of the Russian Army, was not entered into the regiment at an early age. The child seemed feeble and sickly and gave no

promise of becoming a soldier. Moreover, his father was extremely reluctant to subject his only son to the hardships of a soldier's life, and so he decided that he should devote himself to a "civil career." Eventually, this neglect to enter his son in the Guards during his infancy turned out to the boy's advantage, for, on being obliged to enter the army subsequently, he, in conformity with the law, first served in the ranks, and thus had every opportunity of making himself familiar with the life and habits of the common soldiers.

Alexander's father paid little attention to his son's education; but the boy read a great deal and acquired more knowledge than was usually acquired by the lads of his class in that day. His father's library contained a fairly large collection of books on military questions and the boy's enquiring mind found rich sustenance in them. He read them indiscriminately, one after another, and managed to glean grains of useful information from every one of them. Gradually he formed some idea, as clearly as a lad of his age could do, of the principal methods employed by the great military leaders of antiquity. He spent whole days in his father's library playing at war in which he fought imaginary engagements, crossed the Alps with Hannibal, fought the Gauls with Caesar and performed rapid marches with Maurice of Saxony. His youthful imagination was fired by descriptions of feats of military prowess, and all his thoughts and ambitions were turned in that direction.

He began to prepare himself for a military career with the determination and perseverance which already at that time were marked features of his character, and these preparations consisted not only in the reading of special literature on military subjects, but also in the physical training to which he subjected himself. Being by nature sickly and feeble, he set out to harden his body. He took cold water baths, never wore warm clothing and went horseback riding in pouring rain. The lad's queer habits astonished his friends. His father often lectured him in an effort to break him of these habits, but this only served to increase the lad's natural reticence and reserve, it did not shake his determination to become a soldier. At last his father gave up all attempts to direct the boy along what he thought was the true path for him, and his friends dubbed him a crank. This appellation clung to Suvorov all through his life, but it only testified to the narrowmindedness of those who used it.

In 1742 Alexander was entered in the Guards. At once the effect of his father's neglect to enter him earlier was felt. Instead of having gained a commission by the time he joined, he was obliged to earn it by real service in the ranks. He was entered as a private in the Semyonov Guards Regiment, but for the time being was allowed to remain at home with his parents. At last, on January 1, 1748, he took up service in his regiment and was attached to the 3rd Company with the rank of Corporal.

A long, geometrically straight line of soldiers, dressed spick and span, their long powdered hair carefully tied back in a queue, the Cuirassiers and Carabineers wearing black moustaches. Side arms gleam in the sun, and muskets are cleaned and polished like mirrors. Such is the picture typical of the Russian army of the middle of the eighteenth century. The reverse

side of this picture was by no means as brilliant. The sabres inside the gleaming scabbards were rusty. The muskets were constructed in such a way as to lay flat on the shoulder, but as the stock ran in a straight line with the barrel it was difficult to take proper aim. "Splendid men, but poor soldiers," wrote General Rzhevsky of the Russian army of that time. "Well-dressed and clean, but so tight-laced and crushed that they cannot answer the calls of nature, they can neither stand, nor sit, nor walk freely."

To prevent the men from bending their knees in marching splints were tied to their legs so that a soldier lying on the ground could not rise without assistance. In some of the regiments they had stands in which the men were held for several hours at a stretch to train them to be "more upright." Soldiers who were detailed for guard duty began to dress their hair a day before, and once they were "dressed" they were obliged to sleep sitting in order not to disarrange their coiffures. The extremely tight clothing, which was more like a straitjacket than a uniform, had a bad effect on the men's health. New recruits did not wear it regularly at first, but were allowed to get used to it gradually "so that they shall not feel bound and in discomfort all at once." But as soon as this period of grace was over the recruit, like the old timers, was punished for the slightest infringement of the dress regulations. Bad marksmanship could be forgiven, that was in the regular order of things, but woe betide a soldier who appeared on parade with his headgear in the least disarranged. Contemporaries relate that hardly an hour passed in camp without some soldier being flogged for offenses of this kind.

At that time soldiers were conscripted into the army "for life." It was not until the end of the eighteenth century that military service was limited to twenty-five years. The army grew in numbers—from 275,000 men in 1763 to 496,000 in 1796, but its armaments and organization remained unchanged. The muskets, for example, had a range of sixty paces and it was possible to fire three rounds a minute. The Prussian musket had a longer range, and could be fired at the rate of five rounds per minute. The soldiers were always hungry; those tightly-laced uniforms often covered empty stomachs. Infantry officers also lived in poverty. The more brutal an officer or a non-commissioned officer was towards his men the higher was his reputation, "for tyranny and cruelty were taken as signs of zeal and proficiency."

Hardly any of the officers were familiar with the Army Regulations. The poet Derzhavin, who in the 1760's was a sergeant in the Preobrazhensky Regiment, stated that in his unit not a single officer knew the commands. On going into camp the company commanders, having not the faintest idea of what their functions were, left practically everything to the sergeants of long service. Most of the officers lacked not only military but even general education. In many of the regiments the *aides-de-camp* signed regimental papers as the commanders could not write. Even in the reign of Paul I, there were Provincial Governors who were illiterate; at the time Suvorov joined the army this was a common phenomenon.

The Semyonov Regiment was commanded by Count Apraksin, who attached little importance to military training. The regiment was still in the process of formation, and in view of the long term of service to which

the men were condemned, he considered that they would "have plenty of time in which to become proficient."

For corporals and sergeants of noble birth service in the Guards was by no means arduous. They were entrusted with important commissions and were often sent abroad with extensive powers. When detailed for duties of any kind these corporals and sergeants were addressed as gentlemen on a par with the commissioned officers.

Suvorov, however, did not keep aloof from the rank-and-file and mix exclusively with the officer caste. He yearned to know more intimately those nameless men who had won such glorious victories under Peter I and who so meekly submitted to flogging. He had been accustomed to mixing with the common people from his early childhood and the hauteur of the nobleman was alien to him. He detested foppishness and indolence, he much preferred the company of the "common soldiers." There can be no doubt that the ability he subsequently displayed in winning the confidence of his men and of inspiring them to perform great deeds was due largely to his intimate association with the rank-and-file of the army in his earlier years. He himself was profoundly influenced by this association. Being democratic by nature, he absorbed many of the views and customs of the common Russian soldiers. Common sense, rather coarse humour, frugal mode of life, courage and a stern sense of duty were already the outstanding features of his character. It was then, probably, that he began to see the necessity of changing the methods of training and fighting tactics of the Russian army to make them conform more closely to the national characteristics of the Russian soldier, *i.e.*, energy, courage, native intelligence and endurance.

Suvorov was a far more zealous soldier than the others of his class. As a rule he performed all his duties on the drill ground, and off it, accurately and conscientiously. As a consequence he soon won the good opinion of his superiors, who gave evidence of the high esteem in which they held him by giving him important commissions to perform after he had been in the service only a few months. At the end of 1749, nearly two years after he joined, he was promoted to Ensign and in 1751 to Sergeant.

It is characteristic, however, that his superiors who entertained so high an opinion of him, not to speak of his messmates, thought Suvorov rather queer. They could not understand the strange attraction he felt towards the common soldiers, his democratic habits, or even the zeal and conscientiousness with which he performed his duties. He seemed entirely out of place among the pleasure-loving officers of the Guards. These young noblemen shrugged their shoulders at him and called him a crank. In their hearts their superiors agreed with them.

In 1752 Suvorov was sent abroad as a courier carrying despatches and he visited Vienna and Dresden. What he saw in foreign countries extremely interested him, but being abroad for the first time he realized how intensely he loved his backward and long-suffering native land. In Prussia he accidentally met a Russian soldier. As he himself related subsequently, he embraced him "like a brother, with sincere patriotism. . . . The difference in estate between us vanished. I pressed my countryman to my heart." This scene alone revealed in the young sergeant the future Commander-in-

Chief whose soldiers eagerly followed him because they felt that when serving his country no "difference of estate" existed for him.

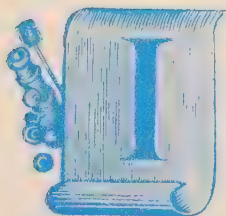
Time passed, but still Suvorov's promotion to the rank of officer was withheld. He had a good service record, so this delay could be attributed entirely to the tardiness with which promotions were usually made. No doubt the fact that he had joined the regiment so late did have something to do with it. Many of the men of Suvorov's age already enjoyed the rank of General. Rumyantsev was a General at the age of twenty-one, Saltikov at the age of twenty-five and Repnin at the age of twenty-eight. Suvorov, of course, was deeply grieved at this long neglect, but subsequently, when he had "taken revenge" for this by outstripping all these brilliant generals, he observed with satisfaction: "I did not jump when I was young, but I'm jumping now!" Meanwhile, he continued his close association with the life of the common soldiers and strengthened those features of his character which subsequently distinguished this unique "General-Private."

At last, in 1754, a little over six years after his arrival in the regiment, Suvorov was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. On May 10 of the same year he was appointed to the Ingermanland Infantry Regiment.

We have already observed that Suvorov's mode of life, his reserve and strict adherence to the rules he had worked out for himself had acquired for him the reputation of a crank in the Semyonov Regiment, but careful observers discerned in this rather strange, undersized young man an exceptional personality. His immediate superior, the Captain of his company, often said of him: "This crank will do things that will surprise us all."

CHAPTER II

The War Against Prussia



IN THE Ingermanland Regiment Suvorov served two years, during which he devoted all his spare time to the improvement of his education. He studied history, military engineering and gunnery, and devoted a considerable amount of attention to literature. In this period Suvorov read the works of the best authors and poets of his time, whom he was fond of quoting all his life. When reading he took copious notes. "I believe with Locke," he said, "that the memory is the storehouse of the mind; but this storehouse has numerous compartments, and, therefore, everything must be stored in its proper place." In 1757 Russia joined in the Seven Years' War and at last Suvorov had an opportunity of "smelling powder."

Prussia became an independent kingdom only in 1701, but from its very inception this small state, with a population of only about four million, became a hotbed of political intrigue and aggression. The Prussian rulers unceremoniously grabbed whatever they could of their neighbours' territory, particularly when these neighbours found themselves in difficulties. Frederick II, the idol of the present-day fascists, once cynically remarked: "If you take a liking to a foreign province and are strong enough to occupy it, do so at once. When you have done it you will always find plenty of lawyers to prove that you have a right to the occupied territory."

Pursuing a policy of violence, aggression and contempt for international law, Frederick skilfully fanned the antagonisms that prevailed among the states adjacent to Prussia, inundated those countries with his spies and widely resorted to the "weapon of gold," i.e. bribery, in order to corrupt everybody he could, from domestic servants to Cabinet Ministers. Choosing an opportune moment he invaded the rich Austrian province of Silesia and occupied it with his troops. Although this predatory act was totally unwarranted and could be attributed only to the inordinate appetite of the King of Prussia, the latter succeeded with the aid of France in securing the consent of the European powers to the annexation of Silesia to Prussia.

The appetite of aggressors grows with eating. After annexing Silesia Frederick made unambiguous claims to Saxony.

The King of Prussia's insatiable desire for territorial aggrandizement

had long ago roused the alarm of the Russian government and its anxiety was increased by his perfidious anti-Russian intrigues in Sweden and Turkey. Consequently, Russia concluded an alliance with Austria and France. This greatly disconcerted Frederick. To make his position secure against Russia he built up a widely ramified system of espionage and corruption at the Russian Court. Primarily, he relied on the German officers who had been extensively invited to serve in the Russian army, the von Manteufels, Lievens, and the like, whose incompetence only rivalled their contempt for Russia and everything Russian, and who, while occupying high posts in the Russian army, zealously served Frederick. But the King of Prussia did not limit himself to this. Bestuzhev, the Grand Chancellor, Apraksin, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army, Generals Fermor and Tottleben, the Duke of Holstein, the heir to the throne, Peter III and his consort, the Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst—the future Empress Catherine II—were all caught in his net of intrigue, or else were directly in his pay. Believing that he had nothing to fear from the Russian army Frederick decided to strike a lightning blow at Austria before France and Russia—the latter, as he thought, paralyzed by his intrigues—could come to the aid of their ally. At the end of August, 1756, he invaded Saxony without declaring war. This was the customary method of the perfidious King of Prussia who, as Macaulay wrote, had earned the reputation of being “destitute alike of honesty and decency, insatiably rapacious and shamelessly false.” He compelled the small Saxon army to surrender, pressed the Saxon soldiers and non-commissioned officers into his service and immediately invaded the Austrian province of Bohemia.

But at this juncture Russia entered the war.

In armament and organization the Russian army was inferior to the Prussian. It was bulky and unwieldy. Every nobleman officer had a train of about a dozen baggage carts with his personal belongings, while Apraksin, the Commander-in-Chief, had several hundred of them. Nevertheless the Russian army enjoyed an important advantage over the Prussian. The Prussian army consisted largely of mercenaries or pressed men from different countries, adventurers and vagabonds, many of whom had been recruited while under the influence of drink, and so forth. This heterogeneous mass of mercenaries was kept in subordination only by means of the sternest and cruellest discipline. The Prussian army was held together by the sheer inhumanity of the punishments inflicted for the slightest misdemeanour. Nevertheless, every reverse this army suffered was accompanied by wholesale desertion, which Frederick attempted to combat by truly barbarous methods. Deserters who were caught had their ears and noses cut off. Many men mutilated in this way came into the Russian camp. If the Prussian army had occasion to march through a forest or fields of standing corn pickets patrolled the line of march to intercept deserters.

Frederick's troops were not inspired by patriotism, although this troubled the King very little. Franz Mehring, the well-known German historian, tells us that Frederick preferred to wage his wars with the aid of mercenary troops because “there was nothing he detested more than the people in arms . . . for he feared the armed peasants of his own country more than any other force in the world.”

The Russian army, however, though consisting largely of conscript serfs, was a homogeneous national unit, made up of the people and maintaining contact with the people. It was imbued with an ardent love for its country and in battle displayed indomitable staunchness and courage.

At the beginning of the war, *i.e.*, in 1757, the Russian army consisted of 128,000 men, of whom 97,000 served in the line. The artillery consisted of about 250 guns, not counting 63 siege guns. Prussia had an army of 128,000 well-armed men, in addition to 25,000 in garrison service. By the beginning of 1757 this force had increased to 180,000. The strongest arm of the Prussian army was its cavalry.

Frederick was greatly alarmed by the formidable force Russia was able to put into the field and his former boastfulness and swagger soon gave way to something bordering on despair. In January, 1757, he wrote to his friend Friesenstein that his plight was critical and gave directions as to the measures to be taken in the event of his being killed or taken prisoner.

The main Russian forces started on the march only on May 14, 1757, with the intention of striking their main blow at Memel.

This expedition was commanded by General Fermor. The Russian army approached Memel in the beginning of July and on the 6th of that month the Commandant of that town surrendered the fortress. The occupation of Memel cost the Russian troops only 25 killed and wounded. On August 1 the Russian advanced forces crossed into East Prussia. On the 5th Gumbinnen was captured and on the 11th Insterburg.

Field Marshal Lehwald, the Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian forces in East Prussia, mustered his troops and waited for an opportune moment to launch a decisive attack. This moment arrived when the Russian army, having continued to advance towards Königsberg, was encamped near the village of Gross-Jägerndorf. The High Command of the Russian army, headed by the incompetent Apraksin, committed blunder after blunder, but the rank-and-file and many of the officers displayed such courage, staunchness and determination that in spite of the critical position the Russian army was in at the opening of the battle, it not only succeeded in holding its position, but inflicted utter defeat upon the attackers. The following is a description of this battle by Bolotov, a well-known Russian commentator of these times, and a participant in this engagement.

"The shattered regiments were now fighting at close quarters, hand-to-hand, but they stuck to their ground to the last man. . . . One who had lost an arm, had taken his sabre in the other hand and was cutting down the enemy. Another, with his legs almost severed from his body, bleeding profusely, leaned against a tree, still beating off the enemy."

But as soon as fresh forces appeared on the battlefield the whole scene changed. "Before a quarter of an hour had passed," continues Bolotov, "the Prussians began to retreat all along the line in good order at first, but later they stampeded like cattle in complete disorder."

The Russian troops thus occupied Memel, Königsberg and the whole of East Prussia.

Next year, 1758, Frederick himself encountered the Russian troops at Zorndorf, but he failed to vanquish them.

In July, 1759, at Züllichau, the Russian troops achieved a victory over

the Prussians commanded by Wedell, one of the most outstanding Prussian generals of that time. In August that year a general engagement took place near the village of Kunersdorf. Frederick, at the head of an army of nearly 50,000 men, launched an impetuous attack on the Russian positions. Resorting to his favourite flanking movement he crushed the Russians' left flank and also shook their centre. The Prussians occupied Kunersdorf. Believing that victory was in his hands, Frederick despatched a courier to Berlin announcing his triumph. He, however, had underrated the fighting qualities of the Russian troops. They rallied their forces and bravely went on fighting. As Bolotov tells us, "Every line, firing from the knee, kept on fighting until not a single man was left alive or sound." Frederick's picked troops dropped like ninepins in a vain effort to break this heroic resistance. Frederick himself escaped death by a miracle: a gold snuff box in his pocket intercepted a bullet which had struck him. By nightfall all was over. Frederick and his army were routed, losing 20,000 men. The rest saved themselves from the Russian Cossacks by flight.

At the beginning of the war the Prussian King had expressed contempt for the Russians. One day he said to General Keith, an Englishman who had first served in Russia and later had gone over to Prussia: "The Muscovites are wild hordes; they cannot stand up against organized troops." The facts proved, however, that he was utterly wrong, and this he was obliged to admit. Watching the heroic resistance of the Russian army at Zorndorf he said: "These Russians can be wiped out to the last man, but they cannot be beaten. They are standing fast, whereas my rascals on the left wing have deserted me and have fled like a lot of old women." After the frightful defeat he suffered at Kunersdorf Frederick in despair sought death. "Is there no cannon ball for me?!" he shouted in a frenzy, considering that all was lost. On the night after the battle he wrote: "Of the army of 48,000 men I now have less than 3,000. All are in flight, and I am losing heart. They will do well in Berlin if they look to their safety. A terrible disaster has happened the consequences of which are worse than the disaster itself. I see no way out of the situation. Indeed, to tell the truth, I think all is lost. I will not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell for ever."

As Franz Mehring points out, "The Russian army . . . almost invariably defeated the Prussian troops. . . . And Russia brought Prussia to the verge of doom."

In October, 1760, fourteen months after the Battle of Kunersdorf, a Russian force commanded by General Chernishev approached Berlin. Field Marshal Lehwald, who had been in command of the Prussian troops at Gross-Jägerndorf, was then in Berlin and took charge of the defence of the city. The first Russian cavalry charge was repulsed. The Berlin garrison received reinforcements, but by this time other sections of the Russian army arrived. The Russian artillery began to bombard the city. Realizing that resistance was useless, the Prussian Command withdrew their forces and on October 9 (New Style) the Commandant of the Prussian capital surrendered the city to the Russians.

On entering the city the Russian troops destroyed the ordnance foundry, the small arms factories and the powder magazines. As this had been only an extensive reconnoitring operation and the Russian Command had no

further object in view in capturing Berlin, the Russian troops, on October 13, started on the homeward march carrying with them among other trophies the keys of the seven gates of Berlin.

Suvorov took part in the Berlin expedition as a volunteer, but played no independent part. In the fighting that took place in the following year, however, in 1761, he, for the first time, obtained the opportunity of proving his merits in a position of command. Buturlin, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, formed a special cavalry unit under the command of General Berg for the purpose of counteracting the operations of the Prussian cavalry which were harassing the Russian rear and destroying the provision stores. Berg offered Suvorov the post of Chief-of-Staff of this unit and he readily accepted the offer.

It may be truthfully said that the Russian army had never seen a Chief-of-Staff of this type before. Instead of issuing orders from somewhere in the rear, Suvorov rode at the head of his unit, and felt as much in his element in hand-to-hand fighting under a hail of bullets as a fish in water. Not a skirmish took place but what he took part in it, and even old veterans marvelled at his fearlessness and élan. At Schweidnitz at the head of a troop of sixty Cossacks, he attacked a hundred Prussian Hussars. His first attack being repulsed he reformed and launched a second, which was also repulsed. He then undertook a third desperate charge and in the end put the Hussars to flight.

Once, at the head of a Cossack Hundred, he forded a river, performed a night march of forty versts,* cut up a troop of about fifty Prussian Hussars and burnt the bridge across the river Warthe, compelling General Platen, the Prussian cavalry commander, to waste a great deal of time in erecting a pontoon bridge. On another occasion he, at the head of a squadron of Dragoons and half a Hundred of Cossacks, suddenly attacked a Prussian foraging party, put it to flight and captured twenty prisoners and two guns. Recovering from their surprise the Prussians rallied and surrounded Suvorov's small force. The situation was critical, but Suvorov kept his head and, making a quick decision, ordered his men to fight their way through. This they did and even succeeded in retaining their prisoners, losing only the two captured guns. Joining forces with the troops of Colonels Medem and Tekelli, who were going to his rescue, he resumed the attack and compelled the Prussians to retire, inflicting upon them a loss of nearly a thousand men.

A bigger engagement with the Prussians took place some time later near Ahrenswald. Berg's cavalry corps had received instructions to hold up a baggage train which had been despatched by Platen under strong convoy. Suvorov galloped to General Fermor's headquarters to ask for reinforcements. On his way back he was overtaken by a storm, lost his way and encountered a Prussian outpost. He, and the two Cossacks who accompanied him, quickly made for cover, but before leaving the area, he thoroughly reconnoitred the position of the enemy's forces and on returning to his unit he changed his rain-soaked clothes and immediately gave orders to prepare for battle. By a bold stroke he put the Prussian cavalry to flight and took 800 prisoners. The Prussians retired beyond Gollnow, leaving in that town an infantry unit. Berg put Suvorov in command of three battalions and ordered him

* Verst—about two-thirds of a mile.

to capture the town. Suvorov, under heavy enemy fire, battered down the town gates which hitherto had withstood the bombardment of the Russian batteries, and then, as he himself described it, "drove the Prussians at the point of the bayonet through the whole town, through the opposite gates, over the bridge to their camp, where we killed many and took many prisoners." In this battle Suvorov was twice wounded. "Injured . . . in the foot and grapeshot in the chest," as he himself reported. There was no surgeon nearby, so Suvorov himself dabbed the wounds with alcohol and bandaged them, but he was obliged to leave the field.

In these early battles Suvorov already displayed many of the qualities for which he became famous later: energy, determination, ability to discover the enemy's weak spots and to deliver lightning strokes precisely at those spots. One other characteristic feature became revealed: his fearlessness, verging on rashness, impermissible for a commander. As a result of many years of training he had greatly hardened his body, but he was by no means a physically strong man. Nevertheless, he was always to be seen in the front line leading a bayonet charge, armed with a sabre with which he laid low many a foe who was astounded by his daring. Buturlin recommended him for an award stating in his despatch that "Suvorov greatly distinguished himself among the other officers." At the same time the Commander-in-Chief wrote to Suvorov's father, who at that time had been appointed to a governorship in Prussia, saying that his son had "won the exceptional admiration and praise of all the commanders." General Berg stated that his Chief-of-Staff was a splendid cavalry officer who was "quick in reconnoitring, brave in battle and cool in the midst of danger."

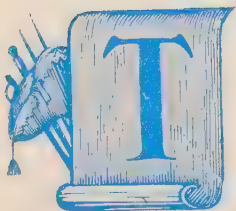
In August, 1761, Suvorov was placed in temporary command of the Tver Dragoon Regiment, at the head of which he conducted a successful engagement near Neugarten, taking about a hundred prisoners. Here, too, he took part in the fighting and nearly lost his life. Referring to this incident in his autobiography he wrote: "At Neugarten I hacked my way through the infantry on uneven ground. . . . One horse was killed under me and another was wounded." The splendid operations conducted by this regiment definitely confirmed the general opinion concerning Suvorov as an outstanding officer.

Of considerable interest is the opinion expressed by the Commander-in-Chief Rumyantsev, to whose army Berg's cavalry corps then belonged. In a general despatch on the conduct of the officers who had distinguished themselves, Rumyantsev described Suvorov as an officer "who, although registered in the service as belonging to the infantry, possesses knowledge and abilities specifically applicable to cavalry." This testimony reveals the versatility of Suvorov's military talents. Incidentally, we may say that when he had already reached his three score years and ten Suvorov, in his spare time, studied naval matters and passed his examinations as a Midshipman.

When the war came to an end, in 1762, the Empress Catherine, hearing that Suvorov was a capable officer and not missing the opportunity to win the good opinion of men of this stamp, granted him an audience, signed his promotion to the rank of Colonel with her own hand, and appointed him to the command of the Astrakhan Regiment. Six months later this regiment's place in St. Petersburg was taken by the Suzdal Infantry Regiment, and Suvorov was put in command of the latter.

CHAPTER III

Training the Regiment



THE war was over and a period of peace ensued which lasted about six years. Before reviewing Suvorov's activities during this period, we would like to sum up the knowledge he had gained from his first fighting experiences.

In the first place he was able to convince himself of the fine fighting qualities of the Russian soldiers—their staunchness, courage, strength and endurance. But what a striking contrast they were to the higher command! Although only thirty years had passed since the death of Peter I, his rule that officers should be promoted only according to merit had already been forgotten. As soldiers, most of the commanders-in-chief and generals proved to be nonentities; they remained courtiers and intriguers, mainly concerned in preserving their positions at Court. Some of them proved to be traitors and spies.

The incompetence of the generals was aggravated by the chaotic state of the army. It was unwieldy, unable to manoeuvre; every prolonged march ended in confusion. The reconnoitring service was in a rudimentary state. On the march the army moved slowly. This was not surprising considering that the force of ninety thousand men which marched into Prussia had with it no less than fifty thousand baggage carts!

The soldiers, though staunch in battle, lacked zeal in performing their military duties. The long term of military service, the brutal conduct of the officers and the privation they suffered as a result of the peculation openly indulged in by all the commanders from the lowest to the highest, all served to make military service abhorrent to the soldiers. Young Suvorov had often pondered over these defects since he had been in the army, but never had he been so deeply conscious of them as he was after the campaign in which he had taken an active part. He came to the conclusion that the Russian army needed radical reform. He was aware that the High Command of the army and the Court clique clung to the old customs and traditions and would be very reluctant to introduce any changes. He realized too that any attempt to introduce changes would meet with hostility on their part.

Nevertheless he determined to do all in his power to make the Russian army a better fighting machine than it was.

He began with the Suzdal Regiment over which he had been placed in command. With his characteristic energy he set to work to reorganize the whole life of the regiment, commencing with the conditions of the soldiers and ending with the method of training them. To appreciate the changes he introduced one must bear in mind the influence Suvorov's campaign experiences had exercised upon his views on strategy. He saw the weak sides of the "armchair strategy" that prevailed in his day and emphatically condemned attempts to draw up hard and fast plans and dispositions for all the various contingencies that might arise in a war. "No battle can be won in the study," he asserted, "and theory without practice is dead."

His objection to the "philosophizing" and dilatoriness displayed by the Russian Command at first threw him to the opposite extreme, and in that period he was inclined to overrate the importance of dash and daring. He himself formulated the virtues of a good commander as: "judgement, swiftness and élan," but his operations against the Prussians and the subsequent first Polish campaign revealed the prominence he then gave to the last two of these three virtues. In the same way as some chess players are prone to make combinations based on unexpected and improbable moves, so Suvorov, in the first period of his activities, was inclined to adopt decisions which seemed unfeasible from the point of view of theory. In this he was guided by two principles: judgement of the enemy's mentality, and the dauntless courage of the commander who makes a decision and of the troops who execute it. Hence, the "moral element" occupied an extremely important place in Suvorov's entire system. His aim was not only to make his troops capable of performing feats of heroism, but also to inspire them with zeal to do so. It was with these ideas in his mind that he set to work to train the Suzdal Regiment.

He had already been in command of other regiments such as the Tver, the Archangelgorod and the Astrakhan, but these were only temporary commands, and being aware of this he had refrained from undertaking any fundamental changes in them. When, however, he was appointed to the command of the Suzdal Regiment with every prospect of it being of long duration, he immediately set to work to train the regiment in accordance with his own principles. The regiment was transferred from St. Petersburg to Novaya Ladoga, where it was stationed for three years. It was during this period that Suvorov developed his activities as an army reformer.

In striking contrast to the rule of Frederick II of converting soldiers into automata, Suvorov's system was based on the development of the soldiers' intelligence and their understanding of the tasks they were called upon to perform. In this period, as well as on the battlefield later on, Suvorov always tried to explain to the soldiers what they were to do, and why. "Every soldier must understand his manoeuvre," was the maxim which he always impressed upon his subordinate officers. At the same time he did his utmost to cultivate *esprit de corps*, the spirit of mutual assistance in the field, and irresistible dash in attack. This, of course, entailed immense effort and a fundamental reorganization of the regiment affecting all sides of its life—drilling, equipment, living conditions, culture and morale.

The methods of training he practised at that time did not embody all the views he subsequently formulated on this question. The manual which he drew up for the training of the Suzdal Regiment, subsequently known as the *Suzdal Manual*, still lacked that completeness and finish characteristic of the famous manual he drew up later, known as *The Science of Victory*. Like every reformer, Suvorov worked out his system gradually, continuously altering and perfecting it as he gained experience. Nevertheless, the *Suzdal Manual* contained all the main principles underlying his system. Suvorov was fond of saying: "The soldiers like training provided it is carried on sensibly." It is a fact that the soldiers under his command never murmured against the training he put them through, severe though it was.

The central point in Suvorov's system was bayonet fighting, the most difficult form of fighting, which requires not only skill on the part of the soldier, but also the extreme limit of willpower. Influenced by Frederick II, who had greatly improved the effectiveness of firearms and artillery, most of the military experts of that day regarded bayonet fighting as obsolete. Even the French, who were distinguished for their skill in fighting with cold steel, began to neglect the bayonet. The humble commander of the Suzdal Regiment, however, decided to challenge the opinion of the whole of Europe. In this he was guided partly by the tactics which he had already formulated and partly by the specifically national traits of the Russian soldiers, the advantages of which he was quick enough to perceive. There was little prospect of the Russian army being able to excel the Western European armies in strength of fire, particularly in view of the marked inferiority of Russian firearms; but the courage and physical strength of the Russian soldiers made them unexcelled in bayonet fighting. Moreover, the general state of technique at that time greatly limited the effectiveness of firearms. The Russian musket, for example, had a range of only sixty paces. With the aid of firearms the enemy could at best be compelled to retreat; Suvorov aimed at his utter defeat. He based his tactics on the proved staunchness of the Russian soldiers, and he set himself the aim of, as a certain historian expressed it, transforming passive staunchness into active persistence.

Few at that time appreciated the profundity of Suvorov's views. Many regarded this method of warfare as primitive and its adoption as retrogression in the art of war. But when the French Revolution and, later, Napoleon's armies—following in Suvorov's footsteps—revived attacks with cold steel, the military experts were obliged to abandon Frederick's models and to reform their armies.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Suvorov underrated the importance of firearms. Every man in his regiment was obliged to go through a course of musketry training. Suvorov categorically prohibited aimless firing. In an order he issued in 1770 he wrote: "The base and timid say in excuse for their lack of skill: 'every bullet will find its billet.' This may have been all very well in the past, with all its irregularities, when . . . mob fought against mob and the rear ranks, unable to take aim, fired into the air." In his view, seemingly heavy fire, which, however, inflicted no damage on the enemy, led to results the opposite of those desired; for the enemy "feeling no injury, is encouraged, and the timid become bold." This

remarkable utterance, which deserved to become classical, is sufficiently conclusive evidence of the importance Suvorov attached to firearms. He expressed the same view on numerous occasions later. Thus, in a letter he wrote in 1786 he stressed the importance of well-aimed fire and said: "Firing merely for the purpose of frightening the enemy only serves to encourage him."

With the object of increasing the effectiveness of his fire Suvorov formed separate Chasseur companies, which went through a special course of musketry training. "The Chasseurs fire, the Grenadiers and Musketeers rush in with the bayonet," was the way Suvorov distributed the roles of the different units. This, however, did not preclude any of the units from performing either of these functions in the event of necessity.

Marching exercises were also an important item in Suvorov's system of training. In one of the orders he issued in 1771 he stated that "victory is decided by the legs; the arms are only instruments of victory." The Suzdal Regiment was put through hard training in marching. Suvorov compelled it to cover from forty to fifty versts a day in torrid heat or heavy frost, across marshes, often having to ford and even swim across rivers on the route. In this way Suvorov hardened his men, made them accustomed to the hardships of a campaign and to prolonged physical exertion. During these marches he did everything to encourage the weaker men to emulate the strong, for, in his view, if the spirit of emulation was high on the march it would also be high on the battlefield. During these marches Suvorov would take advantage of every opportunity that offered on the route to train his men in fighting operations. He caused a great sensation one day by ordering his men during field exercises to storm and capture a monastery. This incident threatened to bring Suvorov into serious trouble, but the Empress Catherine intervened and the matter was hushed up.

Although in command of an infantry regiment, Suvorov did not neglect other arms of the service. The entire Russian army was dear to his heart, and he thought of measures for improving the organization of the cavalry and artillery. Several years later he was placed in command of a unit consisting of all arms and he immediately set to work to draw up instructions in which he dealt with every detail from the manner of handling sabres to the advice that the rider should rise in his stirrups and bend over his horse's neck during a charge.

Suvorov exerted much effort to "exercise," as he put it, his regiment for night as well as for day operations. In night fighting daring is an element of exceptional importance and Suvorov had a natural bent for operations of this kind. Moreover, the element of surprise is prominent in such fighting and the exceptional difficulties it presents are compensated by the advantages gained by the fact that it finds the enemy least prepared. This fitted in with Suvorov's rule: "Fight the enemy with the weapon that he lacks."

The stern training through which Suvorov put his men gave grounds for the charge that he was subjecting them to excessive strain. On the face of it this charge seemed justified, but his accusers lost sight of the fact that he devoted a great deal of attention to his men's health. He regarded the normal rate of sickness in his regiment as one per cent of its strength. Whenever

that was exceeded he immediately instituted an enquiry to ascertain the cause. Towards the end of his life he wrote: "The number of deaths in my regiment rarely reached half a dozen a year." This sickness and mortality rate—low for those times—was due to the strict rules of sanitation and hygiene that he introduced. With his natural bluntness and desire to take a hand in carrying out every measure himself Suvorov personally inculcated in his men habits of cleanliness and tidiness. In one of his letters he wrote: "The men were healthy and cheerful. The officers know that I did not consider it beneath my dignity to show the men what to do. . . . I acted as major, adjutant, right down to corporal, sat with the men, and could teach every one of them." He often remarked with satisfaction that he taught not by precept but by example. Suvorov did not deny that his system was a hard one, but he always insisted that it paid in the end. His favourite maxim was: "Hard on the training ground, easy in battle." He held that the hardships of manoeuvres "cultivated self-reliance—the foundation of courage."

The interest Suvorov displayed in the education of his men extended to their children. He formed a school for them and himself acted as teacher. He also concerned himself with their aesthetical training. Once the school-children rehearsed and presented a play. He had flowers planted in the barrack square. The expenditure incurred by all these measures was covered by careful husbandry of the regimental funds, but a large part was covered out of Suvorov's own pocket. Thus, in the system of training the Suzdal Regiment the cultivation of morale—i.e., the higher fighting qualities—was interwoven with thorough technical military training.

While being kind and simple in his treatment of his men Suvorov was, nevertheless, extremely exacting towards them and a stern disciplinarian. "Friendship is friendship, but discipline is discipline," he was fond of saying on this score. In an order he issued he wrote: "No offense must go unpunished, for nothing can cause the men so much harm as lax discipline." The prevailing form of punishment in the army at that time, for minor as well as major offenses, was flogging. Suvorov, however, regarded moral suasion as a more effective means of maintaining discipline, and applied corporal punishment only in cases of heinous offenses such as peculation, marauding, and so forth.

The military experts in Catherine's day, for the most part dull and narrowminded bureaucrats, failed to see the importance of the new system of training Suvorov introduced in the Suzdal Regiment. Actually, however, it was the foundation of a new military science.

CHAPTER IV

In Poland



IX years had elapsed since Suvorov had left the battlefield, and most of this time he had spent at Novaya Ladoga. He had taught his regiment all he was able to and longed for a new field of activity, activity of larger scope and of a different character. He was then in the prime of life, about forty years of age, and his still unspent ardour of youth merged with his experience and maturity. Like the hero in ancient fable, he felt imbued with "boundless strength," which sought an outlet and filled him with the lust for battle, replete with dangers and deeds of daring. In studying the life of Suvorov one cannot help being struck by the fact that whenever he remained off the battlefield for any length of time his health began to decline. It may be said that he slept well only amidst the roar of guns. This was the case even in his hoary old age; how much more so was it when he had lived only half his four score years and when the application of his far-reaching ideas remained limited to one regiment. We can therefore imagine how pleased he was to hear that his regiment had been included in the army that was despatched for military operations in Poland. True, this was not part of the regular army, but a force of volunteers, but for Suvorov a bad war was better than a good peace. He sought an outlet for his talents and he found it in the manner provided by the times and society in which he was born and lived.

Suvorov received orders to proceed to Smolensk and forthwith set out from Ladoga. This was in November. His troops marched ankle-deep in mud, what were euphemistically called roads were literally churned up by the hoofs of his horses. The bad roads, the marshes which had to be crossed, and the long nights greatly hindered the march; but Suvorov almost delighted in this, for better conditions for hard training he could not imagine. He led his regiment through the mud and inclement weather with unrelenting energy, and the distance of 850 versts from Ladoga to Smolensk was covered in thirty days. During this march only six men fell sick, and only one was missing. Suvorov had reason to be satisfied with the results of his labours. In those days an army rarely covered more than ten or eleven versts a day and made frequent halts for rest, and even then large numbers went on the sick list, or else were reported missing.

In September, 1768, shortly before his departure for Poland, Suvorov was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. In Smolensk he was appointed to the command of a brigade of which the Suzdal Regiment formed a part. He spent the winter training his new units on the same lines as he had trained the Suzdal Regiment, and in the spring he set out for Warsaw at the head of this regiment and two squadrons of Dragoons. On the route he requisitioned carts from the local inhabitants and placing his men in them made rapid progress, this time covering a distance of 600 versts in twelve days. His men travelled all the way in full fighting kit as they had to pass through hostile territory which was teeming with unrest.

At that time the Russian troops in Poland were under the command of General Weimarn, an experienced officer, but extremely pedantic, and, moreover, extremely petty and vain. Suvorov found it very difficult to get on with him. Subsequently he wrote: "Everybody knows how I suffered for my straightforwardness in Poland."

The Russian troops concentrated in Poland were far outnumbered by the Polish Confederates against whom Catherine was waging war, but the latter lacked coordination, training and discipline, with the result that as a fighting force they were inferior to the Russians. Sometimes, however, they succeeded in uniting their forces and proved formidable opponents.

In August, 1769, information was received that large Confederate forces were being concentrated near Brest under the command of the brothers Franz and Casimir Pulaski. Two fairly large Russian units, each consisting of 1,500 to 2,000 men, were sent against them under the command of Generals Renn and Drewitz, but they lacked the determination to attack the Poles.

Suvorov was in command of a force scarcely one-fourth the size of that commanded by Renn and Drewitz, but he did not wait for some particularly favourable opportunity to attack the enemy. He decided to attack at once. Leaving part of his forces in Brest, he set out at the head of 450 men with two guns and encountered the Poles near the village of Orekhovo. Taking into account the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Poles, Suvorov at first limited himself to repelling their attacks with grapeshot, and then, judging that their spirit had been broken by their setbacks, which he had aggravated by setting fire to the village behind them with grenades, he launched a bayonet attack, unique in military practice—a bayonet attack of infantry against cavalry. So impetuous was this charge that the Poles fled, pursued by the few cavalrymen at Suvorov's command for a distance of three versts, while the infantry maintained a rapid fire with the object of exercising "psychological influence" on the enemy. The Poles were so demoralized that they did not stop running, although they were being pursued by only a handful of cavalrymen, at the head of whom was Suvorov. Setting an example of high courage himself, Suvorov could not tolerate cowardice and consternation in others. During the course of another engagement it looked as though the Confederates, who were attacking on all sides, had crossed the line of fire and one of the officers shouted in dismay: "We are cut off!" Suvorov, glancing at him with contempt, ordered the officer to be arrested forthwith.

The Orekhovo engagement brought Suvorov into the front rank of Russian commanders in Poland and led to his promotion to the rank of Major

General. After the engagement he chose Lublin as the point of concentration for his unit, as it occupied a central position, and from here he sent out small detachments on all sides which continuously harassed the Confederates. These operations lasted throughout the whole of 1770. There were no big engagements that year. All Suvorov's unit had to do was to chase small detachments of Poles and dodge snipers. In the autumn of that year Suvorov nearly lost his life. In crossing the Vistula he jumped on to a pontoon but slipped and fell into the river. He would have drowned had not one of his men gone in after him and, clutching him by the hair, kept him afloat. In falling, however, Suvorov knocked his chest heavily against the pontoon and, as a consequence, was confined to his bed for three months.

Although routing the Confederates Suvorov treated the vanquished very kindly. He released many of them on parole. "While in Poland," he wrote subsequently, "my heart never found it difficult to be kind and duty never placed any obstacles in the way." He gave orders for prisoners to be well treated and well fed, "even if that meant exceeding the proper ration."

This was not only evidence of Suvorov's humanity, but also of his political perspicacity. The other officers in command of the Russian troops behaved quite differently. In this respect General Drewitz, a German and one of Weimarn's protégés, gained a particularly evil reputation. On his orders prisoners had their right hands cut off. Suvorov detested Drewitz for this. "It brings disgrace on Russia, which abandoned such barbarous practices long ago," he wrote with indignation. This dislike was aggravated by the marked favour with which Weimarn treated Drewitz. Relations between Suvorov and Weimarn became increasingly strained. Weimarn restricted Suvorov's initiative, reprimanded him for acting without orders, and accused him of being ignorant of the rules of tactics. He also accused Suvorov of exhausting his men by excessively rapid marches. To this Suvorov retorted: "Read Caesar. The Romans marched even faster than we." It is doubtful, however, whether Weimarn was inclined to take Caesar as his model.

Meanwhile, the Confederates obtained a capable organizer in the person of the French General Dumouriez, who, in 1770, arrived in Poland at the head of a unit of French soldiers. With his arrival military operations became more active and Suvorov obtained a wider field for action. He advanced against the new enemy and, leaving Lublin, captured by storm the township of Landcorona, thirty versts from Cracow. During this engagement Suvorov narrowly escaped death, for bullets passed through his hat and coat.

After capturing the town he decided to capture the citadel in which the Poles had taken refuge, but here he met with one of his rare reverses in his military career. The Confederates repulsed the attack, inflicting heavy losses upon the Russians. Suvorov himself was slightly wounded, and his horse, too, was wounded. Obligated to retreat, he marched to the township of Rakow, where he routed a detachment of Confederates which had concentrated there. During this engagement an incident occurred which was very characteristic of Suvorov. His men reached Rakow at night and scattering through the township searched the houses for Poles. Suvorov, left entirely alone, noticed that a large detachment of Poles had taken refuge in an inn. Without a moment's hesitation he rode up to the inn, knocked vigorously

at the door and called upon the Poles to surrender. The Poles laid down their arms. Suvorov, single-handed, took fifty prisoners.

Shortly after the famous battle of Landcorona took place, a battle which may be regarded as a classical example of daring and skill in estimating the enemy's mentality. In this engagement Suvorov had 3,500 men under his command. The Poles numbered as many, but Dumouriez occupied an exceedingly strong position with his left flank resting on the castle of Landcorona while his centre and right flank were covered by a wood and, moreover, ran across a high ridge. "Landcorona was so well covered that we did not contemplate taking it by storm," Suvorov reported to Weimarn. Fighting developed on the Russian left flank, but at the same time Suvorov, not waiting until his whole force was drawn up, despatched several hundred Cossacks against the centre of the enemy dispositions. Confident of the impregnability of his position, Dumouriez ordered his men to allow the Cossacks "rushing to certain death," as he said, to come within close range, and to open fire only when they had reached the brow of the hill. On reaching the brow, however, the Cossacks closed their ranks and charged with their lances with such vigour that the Polish infantry were flung into confusion and began to run. Their commander Sapieha tried to stop the stampede, but was killed by his own panic-stricken men. All Dumouriez's efforts to rally his forces and restore the line were in vain. In half an hour the battle was over. The Poles lost 500 men; the survivors scattered in the neighbourhood. Only the French squadron and Walewski's detachment retreated in good order. The Russian casualties, as we learn from Suvorov's despatch to Weimarn, amounted only to ten wounded.

After this battle Dumouriez's relations with the Confederates, which had never been cordial, became strained to breaking point, and a few weeks later he returned to France. In a despatch on this incident Suvorov wrote, not without a touch of venom: "Mouriez, having finished his business and not waiting for the charge, took French leave and capered off to Biala and thence to the frontier." Subsequently, in his memoirs, Dumouriez criticized Suvorov's order to attack a strong position with cavalry on the grounds that it ran counter to all rules of tactics, and attributed Suvorov's success to the vagaries of chance. This was mediocrity criticizing genius! Dumouriez did not realize that in this battle Suvorov displayed high military skill, that he had judged the situation to a nicety, had taken into account the enemy's morale and had intuitively hit upon the correct means of inflicting defeat upon him. He based his hazardous plan on the impressionableness of the Poles and on the suddenness and swiftness of his own blow. It was, indeed, a very simple solution of the problem that faced him, but it was the solution of a genius. Clausewitz once said: "Everything is simple in war, but the simplest things are the most difficult."

After Dumouriez's defeat Casimir Pulaski remained the most prominent leader of the Confederates. Suvorov went in pursuit, overtook his force, defeated and tried to exterminate it. Pulaski, however, by an ingenious manoeuvre, succeeded in breaking away from the Russian troops. He enticed the latter to pursue his rearguard while his main force marched off in another direction. On hearing of Pulaski's ruse Suvorov could not restrain his admiration. He was an artist who paid tribute to art, whether it be that of friend

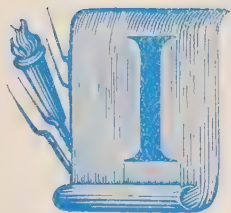
or foe. As a mark of his respect and admiration for his enemy's courage and resource he sent him as a gift his favourite porcelain snuff box.

With this the operation closed. Suvorov had conducted it in conformity with the rule he had laid down for himself, *i.e.*, to act with sustained impetuosity and irresistible vigour. In the course of seventeen days his force marched about 700 versts through hostile territory in almost unrelenting fighting with the enemy. His advance was a whirlwind, and neither the Polish nor the French commanders were capable of withstanding it.

Suvorov made repeated requests to be transferred to the Southern Army, but instead of that he was sent to Finland, where a strained situation had arisen owing to political complications with Sweden. In the winter of 1772 he was in St. Petersburg, after which he spent several months inspecting the frontier districts of Finland. While travelling through the dense and gloomy forests of this region he kept himself informed of the state of affairs with Turkey, with whom Russia had just concluded an armistice, for he anticipated that hostilities would be resumed. In this he was not mistaken.

CHAPTER V

The First War With Turkey



IN MAY, 1772, Turkey sued for an armistice with Russia. This was agreed to and peace negotiations were opened. Both sides desired peace. Turkey was shaken by the defeat she had suffered while Russia was finding it difficult to wage war on two fronts—against Turkey and Poland—while at the same time having to keep guard over her northern frontier. Moreover, the Russian government was disturbed by an outbreak of plague in Moscow and the popular unrest occasioned by that. And lastly, and most important, the government needed considerable forces to combat the growing unrest among the peasantry. Nevertheless, no agreement could be reached, and in the spring of 1773 hostilities were resumed.

The formerly great Ottoman Empire was in a state of decline, its troops in no way resembled the conquering armies of the past. Nevertheless, the Turkish army was still a formidable opponent as it had proved by its defeat of the Austrians shortly before.

The tactics usually adopted by the Turkish troops were to attack in large masses, mainly of cavalry, and these attacks were often swift and overwhelming. If the first onrush failed, however, the troops lost their ardour and they would retire to fortified points to rally for another attack. The Turkish soldiers were brave and hardy, and in hand-to-hand fighting their cavalry were superior to the European. The infantry were good marksmen and the artillery, too, were proficient. These good qualities, however, were largely nullified by the absence of order and discipline.

The European armies defeated the Turks thanks to their greater perseverance and superior organization. Their tactics were to line up in square formation behind *chevaux de frize*, which protected them from the furious onslaughts of the cavalry. These were reliable defensive tactics, but they doomed the troops to passivity. Field Marshal Minich was the first to propose different tactics and Rumyantsev elaborated his ideas. The large, unwieldy square was replaced by a number of smaller ones, and the erection of *chevaux de frize*, which hindered the movements of the troops, was less resorted to. The war against Turkey was fraught with so many uncertainties, however, that Rumyantsev, the hero of Kaluga and Larga, requested to be relieved of his post of Commander-in-Chief.

At this juncture Suvorov arrived at General Headquarters. Rumyantsev received him rather coldly and sent him to a division commanded by Count Saltikov. Saltikov placed the new general in command of the Russian left flank, the positions of which ran past the Negoesci Monastery, opposite the town of Turtukai on the other side of the Danube. Suvorov had under his command a mixed unit numbering 2,300 men.

Undoubtedly, Suvorov's reputation had preceded his arrival. His activities in Poland had greatly distinguished him among the other Russian generals, and the exaggerated rumours about his being a crank and an eccentric aroused universal curiosity. His popularity among the troops was well known, but under the conditions that prevailed in the Russian army at that time this was no recommendation for him. The ruling circles regarded a popular general as a black sheep, and the more his popularity grew the cooler and more hostile they became towards him. Aware of this prejudice against him, Suvorov made special efforts to ensure the success of the operations he undertook. Several days after Suvorov's arrival, Rumyantsev instituted a series of reconnoitring operations. One of these was to force a crossing over the Danube and to attack the town of Turtukai. This was entrusted to Suvorov.

Although Suvorov had received reinforcements, the force under his command was numerically greatly inferior to that of the enemy. Under these circumstances the forcing of the Danube was no easy task. Failure, however, meant ruination of Suvorov's career, for he had no doubt that every setback he suffered would be used as a pretext to get rid of him. He could rely only on the staunchness of his men and officers and on his own skill.

He spent several days examining the Turkish position and then drew up detailed battle orders, certain passages of which are so interesting that they are worth quoting. "The attack will be launched at night with the courage and élan for which Russian soldiers are famous. . . . Spare women, children and civilians . . . mosques and the clergy. Turkish raids are to be beaten off in the usual way: aggressively, the details depending on circumstances and on the common sense, skill, courage and determination of Messieurs the officers." Bearing in mind what little initiative was allowed to commanders of separate units at that time, the last point is of exceptional interest and characteristic of the innovations introduced by Suvorov.

Suvorov intended to cross the Danube unobserved, seven versts below Turtukai, and all preparations for this were made under his own supervision. In the evening of May 9, when these were completed, he lay down to sleep on the river bank wrapped in a cloak. Suddenly the Turkish cry "Allah!" was heard in the very midst of the Russian positions. About 1,000 Janizaries had crossed the river, penetrated the Russian camp and almost captured Suvorov. This raid was quickly liquidated, but the Turks had noticed the preparations for action and guessed that an attack on Turtukai was contemplated. This appeared to rob Suvorov of one of his most important trumps—surprise, but this was not the case. He decided to stick to his plan of launching his attack that very night, rightly assuming that the Turks would expect him to abandon his plan once it had been discovered.

Issuing his final orders and personally supervising the mounting of four guns, he gave the order to cross the river. The attacking force advanced in

two columns. Two companies under the command of Major Rebok were held in reserve. The crossing of the river was commenced at 1 a. m. The Turks opened a furious fire which, owing to the darkness, was of little effect. On reaching the opposite bank the Russian troops marched up the river in two columns in conformity with Suvorov's battle orders. Suvorov was at the head of the first column. Pursuing the retreating Turks, the Russians captured an abandoned gun and turned it on Turtukai. On being fired, however, the gun burst, and all the men near it were wounded, among them being Suvorov, who was wounded in the hip. In spite of the pain Suvorov continued to run on at the head of his men and was the first to break into the enemy's trench. A huge Janizary rushed at him, but Suvorov agilely evaded him, and pointing a pistol at his breast handed him to some soldiers who came up at that moment, and ran on further.

The first column captured two batteries and the fortified camp at one stroke. The second column encountered more determined resistance and engaged in a hot battle with the enemy. Striving to develop his success to the utmost, Suvorov then called up Rebok's reserves and ordered the first column to march directly against the town. The second column, which was being temporarily held up by the enemy, was thus transformed into a reserve. At 4 a. m. the battle was over. The Turks fled in disorder. The Russians lost only 200 men; the Turks lost 1,500.

Having struck this sharp blow at the Turks and destroying the town, Suvorov deemed it necessary to return to the left bank of the Danube. He considered it possible to hold the right bank only if the Russian forces strongly entrenched themselves there, and he sent a despatch to Headquarters to that effect. Saltikov, however, was not capable of such "daring," and as a result of his inaction the effect of the Turtukai operation was nullified. The Turks reoccupied their positions and began to restore their fortifications.

Saltikov's division remained inactive for over three weeks, and Suvorov too was perforce inactive. Moreover, he was struck down by fever and, debilitated by sickness and inactivity, he applied for leave to go to Bucharest to recuperate. At this juncture he received orders from the Commander-in-Chief to undertake another operation against Turtukai on June 5. Rumyantsev had decided, at last, to commence decisive operations and instructed Suvorov to undertake this operation for the purpose of diverting the Turks' attention from the direction of his main drive.

Suvorov issued all the necessary instructions, drew up another battle order, but on the very day he had appointed for commencing the operation he was struck down by another bout of fever. He appointed Prince Meshcherski to take charge of the operation. This time, however, the Turks were more on the alert and kept a close watch on the river crossings. The Russians made one or two timid attempts to cross, after which the operation was declared to be too risky and was put off.

When Suvorov heard of the abandonment of the operation his fury knew no bounds. "Judge for yourself, Your Highness," he wrote to Saltikov, "can I resume command of a pack of cowards like this? What a disgrace! My God, my blood boils when I think of it!" Disgusted by the cowardice of his subordinates and depressed by sickness he handed over the command of his unit to Meshcherski and left for Bucharest.

Rumyantsev, however, was not in the least perturbed by the abandonment of the diversion. On June 7 the Russian main forces crossed the Danube, and so there was no need to repeat the operation against Turtukai. He set Saltikov's left flank another task, *viz.*, to move down the Danube in order to divert the attention of the garrison of Silistria from Potemkin's corps.

Suvorov fully realized that there was no purpose now in attacking Turtukai once the Russian main forces had crossed the river, but he still smarted under the disgrace of the abandonment of this operation and was determined to wipe out the stain by carrying it out on his own initiative. He ignored the consequences of running counter to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief and seemed to forget that he would be committing as grave an act of insubordination as that committed by Meshcherski. But, as he himself expressed it, "far better to die than be condemned to be in command of men who had violated their oath and had neglected their duty."

After a week's absence he returned to Negoesci and immediately commenced preparations for the attack. For the purpose of creating a moral impression on his officers and men he announced that his former battle orders remained in force, although actually he greatly modified them in conformity with the changed situation. The main point in these orders was fully in keeping with his rule to "break through without stopping." "The head must not wait for the tail," he wrote. "Commanders of units are not to wait to report, but are to act on their own initiative with speed and judgement. If the Turks ask for quarter, give it."

The plan of attack which he drew up provided for a line with column formation. This marked a revolution in tactics for those days, but this was not appreciated until a long time afterwards.

The battle was a very stubborn one owing to the numerical superiority of the Turkish troops. As Suvorov wrote in his autobiography, "On our capturing the Turkish entrenchments, the barbarians, at night, outnumbering our forces almost by ten to one, pressed us very hard." The battle lasted all night, but in the end the Turks were defeated and put to flight, the Cossacks pursuing them for five versts.

The most astonishing feature of this operation was the behaviour of Suvorov himself. All day long he had been convulsed with fever. He was so weak that he could not walk without support. Nevertheless, he had himself carried over to the opposite bank. Two officers held him under the arms all the time, one of them conveying his orders which he issued in a voice so weak that he could scarcely be heard. In this state of complete physical exhaustion, trusting nobody this time, he directed the battle all night, in spite of its exceptionally intense character. In the morning he even insisted on mounting his horse, although he had to be helped up on it.

Suvorov's successful operations could not, however, change the course of the campaign. Rumyantsev was eventually compelled to retire to the left bank of the Danube, after which he completely lost the initiative and limited himself to defensive operations. On the right bank the Russians succeeded in holding only the town of Hirsova, which was to serve as the base for another offensive. The Turks tried to cut off this salient and persistently attacked the town. A reliable commander was needed to direct its defence. After long reflection Rumyantsev decided to appoint Suvorov.

As he reported to the Empress Catherine: "I have given the important Hirsova post to Suvorov, who has proved his readiness and ability for every operation."

Convinced that the fortifications of Hirsova were inadequate and foreseeing further attacks on the part of the Turks, Suvorov immediately proceeded with fortification work. "I repaired the fortress, added earthworks, and built sundry redoubts," he subsequently stated. Before this work was completed the Turks launched a general attack on the town, this time in European formation, in three lines, and maintaining exemplary order. This was the result of the training conducted among the troops by French instructors. "The Turks want to fight in line," exclaimed Suvorov on observing this, "but it will go bad with them!" He did not intend merely to repel the assault, but to act in conformity with his rule that every collision with the enemy must lead to his defeat. The Hirsova garrison did not exceed 3,000 men. The Turks numbered over 10,000. But Suvorov was not dismayed. He ordered his first lines to feign a retreat and thus entice the Turks nearer to the Russian ramparts. Meeting with no resistance until they came within half-grape-shot range the Turks launched a furious charge. At this juncture the defenders opened heavy grape-shot and musketry fire, which inflicted frightful losses on the attackers. Nevertheless, the latter reached the palisades. The issue hung in the balance. It seemed as though the Turks would force their way into the town and crush its defenders by weight of numbers.

Suvorov's hazardous plan was successful, however. The Turks failed to withstand the murderous fire and retreated. This was the climax for which Suvorov had planned. The Russian infantry, emerging from their cover, attacked the Turks all along the line, while the Hussars and Cossacks delivered the *coup de grâce*. The Turks fled, abandoning their guns and suffering heavy losses. As Suvorov recalled in his autobiography: "They (the Turks) suffered very heavily. The affair did not last very long, an hour or two. They fled, suffering heavy losses, and abandoned all their artillery. Victory was achieved. We pursued them for thirty versts." And he adds: "The rest is known from the reports, which I have studied very little, for I always prefer action to description."

With the Hirsova operation, the campaign of 1773 drew to a close. Taking advantage of the lull that followed Suvorov applied for leave of absence. The main reason for this request was that he was about to be married. He was already forty-three years old, and his father had long been urging him to marry. Suvorov was not particularly eager to enter the bonds of matrimony although he did not preclude that possibility. When his father informed him that he had found a suitable bride for him, he returned home. On January 16, 1774, in Moscow, he married Princess Barbara, the daughter of General Prozorovsky. In the latter half of February he was back in the army.

On resuming his duties he was given the task of preventing the Turks from crossing the Danube at Silistria. No reference was made in his instructions to more active operations, except that it was vaguely mentioned that in the event of offensive operations being undertaken, he was to maintain contact with his neighbouring unit commanded by General Kamensky.

Rumyantsev, the Commander-in-Chief, left it to the two commanders to arrange the time and direction of these operations between themselves, and Kamensky was given the deciding voice, although Suvorov was not his subordinate. This anomalous situation was fraught with serious consequences. Suvorov was of the same rank as Kamensky, he was eight years his senior, and although regarding him as a capable and proficient officer, he did not consider him equal to himself. Hence, he decided to act independently.

After coordinating their plan of operations, the two commanders decided to set out on the march, but Suvorov held up his own unit for two days—subsequently explaining that this had been due to the late arrival of some sections of his unit—and then proceeded by a route other than the one he had arranged with Kamensky. He did not even inform the latter of the change. He deliberately avoided contact with Kamensky's unit.

Suvorov counted on meeting the Turks before his junction with Kamensky, but his calculations proved wrong; the two units met several days later at the village of Jushenli. Nevertheless, Suvorov determined to keep to his decision to act independently of Kamensky. He immediately brought his unit into the vanguard, and, ignoring Kamensky's objections, set out at the head of his cavalry on a reconnaissance in force. His plan was to enter into an engagement with the enemy, conduct it as circumstances would dictate and, presenting Kamensky with a *fait accompli*, compel him to take action.

It so happened that the Turks decided to undertake offensive operations precisely at the same time. Their force of 40,000 men was then already in Kozluja, only a few miles from Jushenli. Suvorov's cavalry were strung out in a narrow defile running through a thick wood. Their outposts were spotted by the Turkish outposts and on emerging from the wood they were swiftly attacked by the Turkish shock units. The suddenness of the attack, the numerical superiority of the enemy and the inconvenience of their position threw the Russian cavalry into confusion and they began to retreat. Gradually, the retreat grew into a rout and Suvorov himself barely escaped capture.

As soon as this state of affairs was reported to him, Kamensky ordered three squadrons to go to Suvorov's assistance, but these were thrown into confusion by the fugitives who had a horde of Albanians hot on their heels. The situation became menacing for the Russians. Kamensky, who kept his head, ordered two infantry regiments to advance and line up in four squares outside the wood. The Albanians charged out of the wood and tried to break through, but they were repulsed by musket fire and they retired.

This brought the first phase of the battle to a close, and credit for removing the danger that had arisen unquestionably was due to Kamensky. In the subsequent development of events, however, the leading role was played by Suvorov, who put Kamensky completely in the shade.

Rallying his cavalry, and reinforcing them with infantry, Suvorov forthwith went in pursuit of the retreating Albanians. The narrow road through the wood was strewn with the corpses of men and horses. It was intolerably hot. Men and horses had been without food or drink for a long time.

Enemy forces lying in ambush in the scrub were constantly harassing them. But Suvorov pressed on, although the pace was killing.

At last the Russian troops emerged from the wood. Deploying them in a hollow, Suvorov repulsed numerous attacks of superior enemy forces, and bringing forward his artillery, opened an intense bombardment of the Turkish camp. After three hours of artillery preparation, he, not waiting for the arrival of Kamensky's force, hurled all his available forces into an attack. The cavalry charged in front, followed by the infantry. The Turks, refusing to accept battle, fled, leaving in the hands of the victors twenty-nine pieces of brass cannon and one hundred and seven standards.

It is not surprising that, after this episode, the relations between Suvorov and Kamensky became very strained. Rumyantsev took the part of the aristocrat Kamensky and soon after an order was issued granting Suvorov leave of absence with permission to return to Russia. Since hostilities had not yet ceased, this was tantamount to dismissal.

The campaign drew to a close. Shaken by the defeat of the Turkish forces at Kozluja, and with its coffers exhausted, the Porte concluded peace on terms exceedingly favourable for Russia. In conformity with the Kuchuk-Kainarji Treaty, Kerch, Kinburn, Azov, the territory between the rivers Bug and Dniester, and the valleys of the rivers Kuban and Terek were ceded to Russia, and the latter obtained freedom to navigate the Black Sea in addition to an indemnity amounting to 4,500,000 rubles.

Meanwhile, Suvorov remained in the South, although there seemed to be no reason why he should do so. He had been deprived of his command, his health was broken, and his young wife was waiting for him in Russia. Nevertheless, he could not tear himself away from the army. He went to live in Moldavia and put off his return to the North from day to day. The reflections he gave himself up to were gloomy in the extreme. His victories, and the self-sacrifice with which he had risked his own life, had been in vain. The bureaucratic and aristocratic circles of tsarist Russia would not accept him—because he, in his heart, would not accept them.



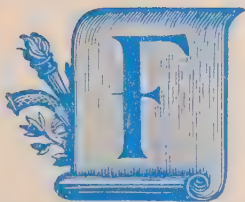
I. THE BATTLE OF KINBURN



II. THE STORMING OF ISMAIL

CHAPTER VI

The Second War With Turkey



FOR thirteen long years after this Suvorov received no military commissions of any importance. He was sent to suppress the peasant revolt raised by Pugachev, but he arrived on the scene when the revolt was already subsiding. He spent several years in the Crimea and lived for short periods in Astrakhan and Kazan. Then he took over command of the Vladimir Division. His life passed in even tenor between camp duties, strolls in the neighbouring village, dressed in a white duck tunic, and conversations with the peasants. He sang in the church choir and often gave a hand with the bell ropes. But he soon tired of this rustic life. "The pleasures of indolence cannot console me long," he wrote to Prince Potemkin, and begged for a more suitable appointment. "My only desire is to end my service weapon in hand. Wrest me from idleness. In luxury I cannot abide."

His appeal was heeded. The political horizon became beclouded. Turkey was hankering after *revanche*; Russia was not inclined to yield. Realizing that war was inevitable, the Russian government began to form two armies: the Ukrainian Army under the command of Count Rumyantsev and the Ekaterinoslav Army under the command of Prince Potemkin. Suvorov was placed in command of one of the five corps of the Ekaterinoslav Army and put in charge of the Kherson-Kinburn area, the most dangerous in the contemplated war zone. The first blow of the Turks was expected here, and the army was totally unready to repel that blow.

In August, 1787, Suvorov hastened to Kherson to take over command of his corps, which was 30,000 strong. Here he felt entirely in his element. He hastily fortified the coast line, erected batteries, distributed the troops in their various quarters and set up the necessary army administrations. He toured all the threatened centres, gave instructions, sounded the fords and kept watch on the Turkish fleet. The measures he took at this time may serve as models of coastal defence.

Prince Potemkin ordered the Russian fleet, which had been built in Sevastopol, to go out against the Turks, but a storm broke out and scattered the ships. One of them was driven to Constantinople; the rest returned

to Sevastopol for repairs. When they learned that the Russian fleet had been put out of action, the Turks resolved to land a force on the Kinburn spur, a place of considerable strategic importance.

When Suvorov received information of this, he, at first, would not believe it, but later, leaving General Bibikov in charge of the corps, he hastened to Kinburn to inspect the position and, on August 22, he reported to Potemkin: "Yesterday I visited the Kinburn spur. The barbarians were in calm and deep reflection."

He took vigorous measures to fortify the spur, but not merely for the purpose of holding it against the enemy. In his despatch to Potemkin he wrote: "Oh! Let the barbarians only put their foot on it! What can they do? Even if they hurl 5,000 to 9,000 men into battle and bring all their naval forces into action? The deeper they penetrate inland, the more will they be cut up." His object was to inflict a heavy defeat on the Turks and wipe out their forces, and it was for this object that he prepared his subordinates. In an order to General Reck he wrote: "Train your infantry for striking a swift and powerful blow; do not waste ammunition. Remember, the hour is approaching!" Considering the meagre resources at Suvorov's disposal, this plan was a daring one. The state of his artillery may be judged from the fact that during the tests of the guns at Kinburn, nine out of the thirty-seven burst after the first few shots; but this did not daunt him.

The Turks, however, appeared to be in no hurry. The stormy season was approaching, and Suvorov was already inclined to believe that the Turkish vessels, aimlessly plowing the waves within gunshot range of Kinburn, would depart. But on October 1 the bombardment of the fortress began. All the Turkish ships opened fire at once and slowly moved in towards the shore. Soon boats were lowered, which rapidly made for the sandy beach. The landing had commenced.

To the amazement of his officers and men, Suvorov ordered them to hold their fire. "Today is a holiday—Intercession of the Virgin," he said. "Let us go to Mass. As for the Turks, let them come!" The officers thought that their eccentric commander had taken leave of his senses, but Suvorov stayed through the whole church service quite unperturbed. His intention was to allow the entire Turkish force to land and then to deliver a shattering blow. Moreover, the end of the spur was within range of the guns of the Turkish squadron which was covering the landing. By allowing the Turks to draw nearer the fortress he would deprive them of this protection.

The Turks, commanded by French officers, landed over 5,000 men without meeting any resistance. To shut out all thought of the possibility of retreat and thus compel the men to fight with the utmost desperation, the Turkish squadron was ordered to withdraw from the shore as soon as the landing was completed. Under the leadership of the French officers the Turks began to advance, erecting lodgements on the way. Soon fifteen rows of lodgements stretched across the spur, the foremost within less than a mile from the fortress. Judging that they had fortified their rear sufficiently, the Turks rushed forward to storm the Russian positions.

This was the moment Suvorov had been waiting for. He had at his disposal 3,000 men, but he was confident that he would win the day. The guns of the fortress poured a hail of grapeshot upon the attackers, the infantry

rushed out of the gates in an impetuous bayonet charge, while the Cossacks poured down upon the Turkish flank like an avalanche. The Turkish vanguard was almost completely wiped out; the main force was thrown into confusion and "turned tail." General Reck, the commander of the sortie, captured ten rows of lodgements in his stride.

But as the counter-attacking force drew further away from the fortress it came within range of the guns of the Turkish squadron which, approaching the shore again, opened fire. Six hundred guns swept the flanks of the Russian forces, decimating their ranks. Among the wounded was General Reck and nearly all the battalion commanders. The troops, consisting mainly of raw recruits, wavered and then retreated.

Suvorov retired slowly with the rearguard. His horse had been shot under him. Looking round, he saw three men, one of whom was leading a horse by the bridle, and, taking them for Russians, he hailed them. They proved to be Turks, however, and on catching sight of Suvorov they made a dash for him, but a Grenadier named Novikov, a man of giant stature, darted in front of the General and bayoneted two of the assailants. The third fled.

In his despatch to Prince Potemkin Suvorov, reporting this incident, wrote: "Permit me, Your Highness, to report that heroes are to be found also in the lower ranks. The enemy landing troops, than whom I have seen no better, were vigorously pursuing ours. I was fighting in the front ranks of the Schlüsselburg Regiment. Grenadier Stepan Novikov, against whom the sabre was raised close to mine, turned upon his foe, killed him with his bayonet, behind that one was another, whom he shot, and he rushed at a third—who fled."

Seeing their General surrounded, many Russian soldiers turned back to rescue him, and this seemed to serve as a signal to the rest to resume the attack. Again they drove the Turks back, but once again they were checked at the end of the spur. "What splendid fellows!" said Suvorov in admiration of the Turks next day. "I have never fought men like that before, they simply rush at the cold steel."

The sun was setting. The Russians had spent their ammunition, the regiments had sustained heavy losses. Suvorov might have called up fresh forces, but he refrained from doing that as he wanted to save them for a decisive blow. At dusk a fragment of grapeshot struck Suvorov in the chest. The wound was not dangerous, but he was knocked unconscious. On coming to he saw that his troops were again retreating in disorder and the Turks with cries of jubilation were hauling away captured Russian guns. Dervishes were darting hither and thither among them exhorting them to fight with greater zeal and promising eternal life in Paradise for those who died in battle. The French officers guided the operations of the Turkish troops with considerable skill.

Four months later, describing the Battle of Kinburn, Suvorov said: "God gave me strength and I was confident." Although darkness had set in, he determined to "revive the engagement" a second time. He now hurled all the reserves he had kept back into one simultaneous attack. At the same time, the only naval vessel at Suvorov's disposal—the *Desna*, a galley commanded by Midshipman Lombard, a young and daring naval

officer of Maltese extraction—attacked the Turkish squadron and compelled its seventeen vessels to withdraw from the shore. Taking advantage of the lull in the firing from the sea, the Cossacks waded across the shallows to the Turks' rear. Finding themselves gripped in a vice and wearied by heavy fighting, the Turkish ranks broke and were driven into the sea. Only 700 men were picked up by the Turkish squadron. The Russians lost 136 killed and about 300 wounded.

Just before the battle drew to a close Suvorov was wounded a second time; he was shot through the arm. He had the wound washed with sea water, bound it with a piece of cloth, and muttering "It's better, thank God, it's better," rushed into the fray again.

The victory at Kinburn caused great rejoicing throughout the land. All the men who had participated in the fighting received rewards ranging from one to four rubles, according to the merits of their particular regiment, and many of them were awarded crosses and medals. Suvorov went to a deal of trouble to secure suitable rewards for those who in his opinion had deserved them, particularly for such as were in straightened circumstances. The following, for example, is one of the applications he sent to Prince Potemkin:

"I recommend to Your Highness' benevolence Colonel Neuthardt, of Murom. The light battalion of his regiment made the first contribution to the victory. His wife is dead. He has two daughters of marriageable age. He is penniless.

"Majors Poyarkin and Samuelovich put their regiments on their feet. Your Highness' natural generosity will not forget them.

"I am overburdening Your Highness. Forgive me. I promise to win your good favour with my blood."

By special command of the Empress Catherine, Suvorov himself was awarded one of the highest Orders in the realm.

After this battle Suvorov concentrated his efforts on training his men in conformity with his own methods. It was to the lack of this training that he attributed the failure of the first attack, which nearly led to disaster. He remembered this for a long time, and even six years later mentioned the "Kinburn mishap" with an aching heart. In the course of this training he issued an order which strikingly illustrates his conception of military tactics. The order read as follows:

"Artillerymen must be trained for rapid firing, but in action this serves only as a means of securing rapid loading. Against the enemy take deliberate aim, fire sparingly and only when necessary, and so save ammunition. Do not spend all your ammunition and place yourselves in danger.

"Infantry formation—movable redoubts, *i.e.*, in squares. Lines—very rarely. Deep columns only for deploying. The square is to strike at the enemy first with cannon. On coming to closer quarters the muskets begin in squads, at word of command. Officers must diligently train men for rapid firing, but in action the latter is more dangerous to ourselves than to the enemy: much ammunition is wasted, and the enemy, suffering little injury, is encouraged rather than frightened. Far better, therefore, for the infantry to fire more sparingly, but taking deliberate aim, each choosing his target, even if the enemy is in a compact mass. Although I have apportioned

100 rounds per man, per battle, whoever uses them up deserves to be flogged. But still more heinous is the offense of one who fires in the air from behind; squad leaders must note such conduct at once and stop it immediately.

"Under all circumstances, the most formidable weapon against the enemy is the bayonet, which our troops handle better than any in the world. The cavalrymen's weapon is the sabre. A strong sword arm is particularly needed during a swift and determined charge.

"Commanders of regiments, or companies, in which there are many sick will be fined. Take care of raw recruits; do not put them on the level of old soldiers until they have become hardened.

"Subordination is the mother of discipline, or the art of war.

"Readiness to make sacrifices at any moment is the highest rule of the service.

"In the winter the Cossacks must harass the enemy and capture tongues" (*i. e.*, take prisoners of war for the purpose of receiving information).

All the methods of training Suvorov employed were adapted to the purpose to be achieved. The results were soon apparent. The raw recruits quickly developed into first-class fighters, proud of their calling, and ready to fight staunchly for their Commander, whom they regarded as the personification of their country.

Suvorov's next important operation in this campaign was his successful attack on the Turks at Focsani. In 1789 he succeeded in getting himself transferred to the foremost corps of the Moldavian army. Austria, Russia's ally, had suffered severe defeat at the hands of the Turks. Suvorov, at the head of his corps, consisting of five infantry regiments, eight cavalry regiments and thirty guns, occupied a forward position at Birlad, the main centre of communication with the Austrians. Shortly afterwards he received a despatch from the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, the commander of the Austrian corps, stating that a strong Turkish force had been concentrated in Focsani, ready to strike the Austrians. The Prince asked for Russian reinforcements. At the head of about half the force under his command Suvorov, on July 16, set out from Birlad, and after an exceptionally rapid march—covering fifty versts in twenty-eight hours—joined the Austrians. As soon as he arrived, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg sent his *aide-de-camp* to summon him for an interview. When the *aide-de-camp* appeared at Suvorov's quarters he was told respectfully: "General Suvorov is out at present." An hour later another A.D.C. arrived and he was told no less respectfully: "General Suvorov is at his prayers." When a third messenger arrived he was informed that the General was asleep.

The Prince of Saxe-Coburg was first amazed and then indignant, but Suvorov knew what he was doing. He had studied the plan of operations drawn up by the Austrian Command and had convinced himself that it was a typical product of bureaucratic, armchair strategy; but he knew that in view of the dual command over the army it would not be an easy matter to challenge it. Moreover, the Prince, being a General of Cavalry, was his senior in rank, and he would have to obey his orders. He therefore decided to

engage the enemy in his own way, without consulting the Prince, and to present the latter with a *fait accompli*.

At 11 p.m. he sent the Prince a message informing him that the Russian troops would start out at 2 a.m. and suggested that the Prince should do so with his troops at the same time and follow the same route. There was no time left for discussion; the Austrian Commander-in-Chief had perforce to yield. Subsequently Suvorov explained his conduct as follows:

"I could not act otherwise. He is shrewd and brave, but he is a tactician and mine was not a tactical plan. We would have disputed and he would have driven me into a corner with his diplomacy, tactics and enigmatics, and the enemy would have settled the dispute by defeating us. Instead of that—Hurrah! God is with us!—and there was no time left for disputes."

Indeed, Suvorov's plan of operations was not an ordinary, routine plan, drawn up "according to the book," but a typically Suvorov plan, based on resolute, offensive action, every feature of which reflected the vigour and talent of its author and executor. Late at night the allied forces started out for Focsani in two columns, the right consisting of 18,000 Austrians, and the left of 7,000 Russians. About half-way along the route, near the river Putna, they encountered the Turkish vanguard, which was dispersed after a heavy engagement. All next night was spent in building a pontoon bridge across the river under enemy fire. By the morning the river was forced. The most difficult part of the operation then commenced.

The road to the Focsani camp ran through a dense wood difficult to pass. The approaches to the wood were protected by a Turkish force of cavalry, 15,000 strong. Repelling the furious attacks of the cavalry in the course of five hours' fighting, the allied troops reached the outskirts of the wood. Suvorov led his column round the wood on one side and the Austrians went round it on the other. But after marching a short distance Suvorov suddenly left the road and led his troops right through a swamp. It was a most strenuous march, the men often finding themselves up to their knees in mud, but the result of this manoeuvre was that the Russians turned up on the side that the Turks had least expected them. All the Turkish guns were turned in another direction, no fortifications had been erected here, and nothing prevented Suvorov from striking a sudden blow at the flank of the Turkish positions. This is exactly what he did. The two allied armies established contact, and giving the enemy no time to recover from his surprise, they dislodged him from all his positions one after another. The Turks fortified themselves in several monasteries in the vicinity, but soon they were dislodged from there too. It was from the time of the battle of Focsani that the Turks began to distinguish Suvorov from among all the other military commanders of that time, and the very name "Topal Pasha" (the "Lame Pasha")* became a terror to them.

During August there was a complete lull in hostilities. Recovering from their defeat at Focsani, the Turks planned an operation on a gigantic scale, first to defeat the Austrians and then to throw their entire force upon the Russians who were occupying positions on the line Birlad-Jassy. By a

* Shortly before this Suvorov had stepped on a needle which penetrated his heel and broke there. The injury caused a permanent limp.

skilful manoeuvre—a demonstration in force of 30,000 men near Ismail—they deceived Prince Potemkin, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, and induced him to concentrate his main forces in this area. Meanwhile, a vast Turkish army, under the command of the Grand Vizier, was being concentrated near the township of Rimnik.

In the beginning of September the Austrian Command received information through spies of the approach of this Turkish force of over 100,000 men, and the Prince of Saxe-Coburg forthwith appealed to his tried ally, Suvorov, for assistance.

Keeping Prince Potemkin informed of his movements, Suvorov at once started on the march. Prince Potemkin, in his turn, forthwith sent a despatch to St. Petersburg stating: "Coburg is almost shouting 'Help! Murder!' and it is doubtful whether our men will get there in time."

But Suvorov did manage to get there in time. Marching in a heavy downpour of rain over muddy roads, and obliged to repair the bridge which had been washed away by the flooded river, his troops covered about a hundred versts in two days and nights, and in the morning of September 10 joined the left flank of the Austrian army. The story goes that when a spy informed the Grand Vizier that Suvorov had appeared on the scene he ordered him to be hanged for spreading baseless rumours.

Overjoyed at Suvorov's timely arrival, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg went to see him immediately to discuss the plan of action. Suvorov received him in an ordinary tent, reclining on a heap of newly mown hay, and before the Prince could open his mouth to explain the plan drawn up by his Staff, he began to outline his own. The fact that the Turks had not yet launched their attack, he said, showed that they had not yet completed the concentration of their forces. That being the case, they should be attacked forthwith. The Prince of Saxe-Coburg hesitated. The joint Russian and Austrian forces numbered only 24,000 men, about one-fourth of the Turkish force, and the chances of a successful attack seemed to him to be extremely remote. Suvorov insisted on his plan, however, and threatened that if it was not accepted he would attack the Turks alone with his force of 7,000 men. He argued that in view of the great odds against which the allied forces were obliged to fight, a sudden attack alone could ensure success, that the very numerousness of the Turks would help to throw them into confusion. "After all is said and done," he added with a chuckle, "the Turks are not so numerous as to shut out the sun." In the end, the Austrian Commander-in-Chief yielded to the stronger will and placed himself in Suvorov's hands.

Immediately after this conference Suvorov mounted his horse, galloped to the river bank and, despite his age—he was then sixty—he climbed to the top of a tall tree and for a long time surveyed the Turkish positions. Gradually his plan of action took shape in his mind. The positions the Turks held were very convenient for defence. They were covered on the front and flanks by the river, ravines and woods. Having no confidence in the staunchness of the Austrians, Suvorov decided to place the brunt of the operation on the shoulders of his own troops. He planned to attack one of the enemy's flanks, where only 12,000 Turks were concentrated, and to hold his centre by a simultaneous, but slow attack by all the Austrian forces. After crush-

ing the Turkish flank he would change front and join the Austrians for a combined attack upon the Turkish main positions. The manoeuvre of changing front in sight of the enemy was a risky one, but Suvorov had complete confidence in himself and his men. It was characteristic of him that, not desiring to embarrass the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, he communicated only the first part of his plan to him.

That very night the troops set out to establish contact with the enemy. In the morning the Turks sighted the advancing column and opened fire. At that moment the Russian corps was moving along the river bank to the enemy's left flank, followed by the Austrians, slightly to the right, advancing to the Turkish centre. Contact between the Russian and Austrian forces was maintained by the Austrian cavalry under the command of General Caradja, one of the most capable of the Austrian generals. The attack was thus conducted in a sort of terrace formation. The Russian troops advanced in four lines with Don Cossacks on their flanks. Suvorov marched in the first line in the middle square.

The attack on the Turkish left flank was successful and after crushing the enemy force concentrated here Suvorov changed front at almost right angles and directed his troops against the Turkish centre. Meanwhile, the Austrians were subjected to a series of strong Turkish blows which retarded their advance. Nevertheless, with the aid of Caradja's cavalry and the Russian horsemen they succeeded in repelling all attacks.

At midday the heat was so intense that the men on both sides simply dropped from exhaustion, and by tacit agreement the battle was halted for a brief space of time. The Turks took advantage of this respite to draw up their main forces, while Suvorov communicated to his allies his further plan of operations. He proposed that a concentric drive be made by the combined Austrian and Russian forces upon the Kringomeilor woods, the centre of the enemy's positions. On reconnoitring the terrain, however, Suvorov found that the approaches to the woods were covered by powerful Turkish artillery posted in the village of Bogcha. He decided, therefore, to capture this village first as the key to the whole position, and immediately despatched a force for the purpose.

The fighting was resumed with renewed vigour. The Grand Vizier brought up fresh forces, and a mass of horsemen, 40,000 strong, wildly shouting "Akbar Allah! Ja Allah!" hurled themselves upon the Austrians. The latter fought courageously, but as the minutes passed their resistance noticeably waned. The Prince of Saxe-Coburg observed that Suvorov was withdrawing his troops from the scene of battle and sent rider after rider to him begging for support. "Let them stand fast and have no fear. I see everything," answered the Russian commander. He was convinced that the capture of Bogcha would be of more assistance to the Austrians than cooperating with them in repelling frontal attacks. His own force was not having an easy time either. Powerful Turkish batteries, firing almost point-blank, were decimating its ranks, and now and again Janizaries attacked its flanks. The situation was saved by the splendid marksmanship of the Russian artillery, which twice compelled the Turks to change the position of their guns. In the end Bogcha was captured. Swiftly passing through a coppice, the Russians emerged on the flank of the Turkish main forces just at the moment

when the latter almost had the Austrians on the run. Coming under cross-fire, the Turks hastily retired to the Kringomeilor woods.

The battle then entered its last stage. The complicated manoeuvre that Suvorov had undertaken was to be crowned by a direct assault upon the enemy's main positions, the principal fortifications of which consisted of a shallow trench and an earthen rampart. The latter, however, had not yet been completed and was not of great height. Noticing this, Suvorov took a swift decision—one of those decisions which are not provided for by any theory or textbook, but arise only in the mind of a genius—to attack the rampart with cavalry. He ordered the Austrian troops—who had now rallied and had recuperated—to form with the Russians a single, slightly concave line. The squares of the first line were widely separated and the intervening spaces were occupied by sections of the cavalry, the rest of them being posted on the flanks. In this order the attacking force advanced under heavy enemy fire to within 700 to 900 yards of the rampart. At this juncture the cavalry posted in the spaces between the squares charged the enemy position. The horsemen dashed across the fire-swept foreground, leapt over the trench and breastworks and cut into the close-packed ranks of the Janizaries. Astounded by the suddenness of the attack, the defenders were thrown into confusion. This enabled the attacking infantry to rush into the fray almost without hindrance.

"Lads! Don't look at the enemy's eyes, but at his chest, where you plunge your bayonets!" shouted Suvorov, who all that day was to be found where the fighting was hottest. A fierce hand-to-hand battle ensued. The Cossacks and Austrian Uhlans, charging into the enemy's rear, increased the confusion among the Turks. Their ranks wavered, and then they broke and fled, abandoning their arms. As a fighting force, the Grand Vizier's army of 100,000 men ceased to exist. The victors captured 100 standards, 80 guns and a vast quantity of other booty. The brilliant organization of the attack and the dash with which it was executed ensured a minimum of losses. The Russians lost 44 killed and 133 wounded. The Austrian losses were "somewhat in excess of that," as Suvorov reported.

Darkness fell over the battlefield. The victors noisily celebrated their victory and shared the booty, and the story goes that friction arose between the Russians and Austrians over the division of the captured guns. The matter was put to Suvorov. "Let the Austrians have them," ordered Suvorov. "We shall get more from the enemy, but where can they get any?"

All the Russian troops engaged in this battle received rewards. Suvorov sent in three lists of men who had distinguished themselves, excusing himself for his importunity with the plea that "where there are fewer troops there are more brave ones." Suvorov himself was generously rewarded. He was granted the title of Count of Rimnik and awarded the Order of St. George, 1st Degree, and a Sword of Honour.

The Battle of Rimnik provided Russia with the opportunity to conclude peace on favourable terms; but the fruits of that brilliant victory were nullified by the wordy scheming of the diplomats and the sluggish action of the generals. To prepare the ground again for a favourable conclusion of the war another crushing blow like that delivered at Rimnik was needed.

Suvorov returned from Rimnik to Birlad and remained there in idleness for a year. This, naturally, depressed the veteran soldier, who yearned for activity, and he was overjoyed to hear that in September Prince Potemkin had moved his army from the Dniester to the Danube. Catherine demanded vigorous action, the results of which were to create the possibility of resuming peace negotiations. As, however, it was found impossible to transfer military operations to the plains of Walachia, the only area in which these operations could be conducted was the narrow *place d'armes* between the Black Sea and the river Sereth. The task was rendered more complicated by the fact that the Danube here, naturally well adapted for defence, was, in addition, protected by a ring of fortresses—the Kilia, Tulcea, Isakcea and Ismail. The Russian Command had no choice, however, and the offensive was commenced in September. The first three fortresses were captured in a short space of time; there remained the formidable fortress of Ismail, which, as Potemkin had aptly put it in a letter to Suvorov, “is tying our hands and preventing us from conducting further operations.” As long as that bulwark of Turkish might stood, the Porte was not inclined to yield.

At that time Ismail was a first-class fortress, situated at an exceptionally important strategical point at the cross roads leading to Galatz, Bender, Khotin and Kilia, and blocking the way to Dobruja across the Danube. After the first war with Russia the Turks, directed by French military engineers, strongly fortified it. A moat was dug round it sixty feet wide and twenty-four feet deep, in places filled with water. Above the moat reared a rampart, eighteen to twenty-four feet high, of a total length of four miles. On this were mounted several hundred guns. The fortress had a garrison of 35,000 men under the command of Aidozlu Mahmet Pasha, one of the most experienced of the Turkish commanders. At the time we are writing of the garrison included the remnants of the garrisons of Kilia, Khotin and Akkerman, the fortresses which had capitulated. These had been sent to Ismail to expiate their crime of surrendering their respective fortresses, and the Sultan had issued an order that they were to be summarily beheaded if they repeated their crime. Virtually, a whole army was concentrated within the walls of the Ismail fortress. In fact, considering the fortified area it covered, it was intended to have a garrison of these proportions. The Turks called Ismail “Ordukalesi,” *i.e.*, an army fortress.

To capture a fortress of this type men and material of an exceptional kind for those times were required, and this is exactly what Prince Potemkin lacked. The army had suffered heavy losses in the first years of the war; several corps were held on the Prussian and Polish frontiers, part of the army was still on the way home from Sweden, and lastly, the forces in the South were scattered among many points. Potemkin either dared not or could not concentrate them before Ismail.

In October, after capturing Kilia, Russian troops, to the number of 28,000 under the command of Generals Gudovich and Ribas, invested Ismail. Neither of them dared undertake active operations but confined themselves to a desultory bombardment of the fortress in the hope that the Turks

would be disheartened by the siege and surrender. The Russian army suffered severe privation from cold, disease and a shortage of food. At the end of November a Council of War was held which decided to raise the siege for the period of the winter, during which the fortress was to be kept under observation. This decision was sent to the Commander-in-Chief for ratification.

But the capture of Ismail was essential for both military and political reasons; the prestige of the Russian Empire was at stake. Prince Potemkin decided that the fortress of Ismail must be taken by storm. There was only one man in Russia who could be entrusted with a task of this kind, and although His Highness would have preferred to keep him in the background, as his fame was already being trumpeted too loudly at times, he was, nevertheless, compelled to bow to circumstances. On November 30 Suvorov received an order which stated: "... the only thing that remains is, with God's aid, to capture Ismail. . . . Please hasten there with all speed to take over command of all units." Two days later a couple of horsemen, mounted on ordinary Cossack ponies, rode into the Russian camp. These were Suvorov and a Cossack carrying a bundle containing Suvorov's clothes.

On investigating the situation, Suvorov found that the difficulties in the way of storming the fortress far exceeded his expectations. Even with the reinforcements which he had drawn from Galatz, the force at his disposal did not exceed 30,000 men, and a considerable part of these were Cossacks, who, by the nature of their training and equipment at that time, were unfit for action on foot. He had scarcely any siege guns, and his field artillery had no reserve stocks of ammunition. The troops were badly trained, badly fed and badly clothed. The fortress was vigilantly guarded and excellently fortified "with not a weak spot in it," as Suvorov reported. "I can make no promises," he wrote in his despatch to Prince Potemkin in summing up his observations, but he immediately set to work to prepare for the assault.

The history of war up to that time knew of no case of an undertaking of this magnitude being prepared in so short a time and with such thoroughness and methodicalness. At no great distance from the fortress Suvorov had a rampart put up which was an exact copy of the one round Ismail, and every night his troops practised the storming of this rampart in all its consecutive phases: approach, the throwing of fascines to fill the moat, crossing the rampart, destruction of the palisades, and so forth. The making of fascines and ladders went on night and day. In the daytime the men practised bayonet fighting. Suvorov himself spent hours among the men, instructing them and encouraging them, now with quips and jests and now with stern reprimand, making them understand that the assault was essential and imbuing them with confidence of success.

To lull the vigilance of the Turks, Suvorov had two batteries erected to give them the impression that he intended to continue the siege. In this he was foiled, however, by spies and deserters, who informed the Turks of the preparations being made for the assault, and even of the functions of the different columns as explained to his officers and men by Suvorov. While regretting this, Suvorov remained unperturbed, for he kept his main idea, the essence of his plan, a secret. Right to the last moment he even kept the

column commanders in ignorance of the battle orders he had drawn up.

From the day he arrived at Ismail, Suvorov kept up a constant reconnaissance and studied the terrain and the condition of the enemy fortifications. Putting together his own observations and the reports of his scouts he arrived at the conclusion that the most accessible part of the fortress was that facing the river. The Turks did not expect to be attacked here, and the fortifications were not so strong. He therefore decided to strike his main blow at this side. To the other columns he assigned the task of compelling the Turks to scatter their forces along the whole length of the four-mile rampart. This would be achieved, however, only if these demonstrating columns pressed their attack with the utmost vigour. Hence, in his talks with his officers and men Suvorov drew no distinction between the different columns, and everybody believed that there would be an assault of even intensity all along the line. If the Turks learned of this version of his plan, thought Suvorov to himself, it would only play into his hands.

On December 9 Suvorov called a Council of War, not because he needed the advice of his generals—he had drawn up his plans, and they were unalterable—but because he wanted to encourage them and infuse his own spirit into them. In the order he issued to the troops he wrote: "Twice the Russian army besieged Ismail and twice it retreated. At the third attempt, we must either conquer or die a glorious death. True, the difficulties are great; the fortress is strong, the garrison an entire army. But nothing can withstand Russian arms. We are strong and self-confident. . . . I am determined to capture this fortress or die beneath its walls."

This was not a mere rhetorical flourish. Suvorov was firmly resolved to win at all costs, even if it meant giving up his own life in the effort. In conformity with the official procedure on such occasions the first to express an opinion was the youngest member of the Council, the Cossack Ataman Platov. He expressed it in the one word "Assault!" The other twelve members followed suit.

Two days before the Council of War Suvorov had sent an official proposal to Ismail to surrender and to this he had added a personal message couched in the following terms:

"To the Seraskier, the elders and the whole community. I have arrived here with my troops. Twenty-four hours for reflection about surrender and freedom. At my first shots—freedom will fly; assault—death. This I leave for your consideration."

Aidozlu Mahmet Pasha sent an evasive answer, proposing a ten-day armistice. One of his *aides* grandiloquently stated to the Russian parlementaire that the Danube would stop in its course before Ismail surrendered. Suvorov did not expect any other reply. Leaving the proposal for an armistice unanswered, he fixed the assault for the 11th.

Only eight days had passed since Suvorov appeared in the Russian camp, but during this period the Russian troops were transformed. One of the witnesses of the assault subsequently stated that the spirit of emulation filled both men and officers, every one rushed where the fight was hottest, completely ignoring the danger. With forces like that it was possible to storm any fortress.

In conformity with the battle orders, the attacking force was divided into three sections, three columns in each. The commanders of the sections were Generals Ribas, Samoilov, and Paul Potemkin, and the commanders of the columns were Generals Kutuzov, Lvov, Lasey, Meknob, Besborodko, Platov, Chepega, Arsenyev and Markov. Each column consisted of five battalions. The vanguard consisted of 150 Musketeers, who kept up a constant fire against the defenders of the rampart. They were followed by fifty sappers with their tools. Behind them came troops carrying fascines and scaling ladders. The rear was brought up by the reserves consisting of two battalions. It is characteristic that Suvorov set aside a general reserve of 2,500 Cossacks, which was quite an innovation for those times. Two-thirds of the entire force was used to attack the fortress from the side of the river. It must be stated that half the Russian forces engaged at Ismail consisted of Cossacks who participated in the assault armed with short lances. Being unaccustomed to fighting against fortifications and being badly equipped, they suffered heavy losses. Subsequently Suvorov was blamed for this, but he pleaded in his defence that he could not allow half his force to remain idle.

During the whole of December 10 an intense bombardment of the fortress was maintained, the Russians employing nearly 600 guns. The Turks vigorously returned the fire. Among their guns was a heavy howitzer, firing balls weighing over 500 pounds. Towards evening the cannonade subsided. As this was the season when the days were shortest, Suvorov ordered that the assault be commenced two hours before dawn so as to be able to crush all centres of resistance before sundown. It is interesting to note that, subsequently, commentators drew attention to the fact that a heavy fog set in on the night of December 11 and held for a considerable time. Hence, had Suvorov put off the assault for another day it might not have taken place at all, for the ground became slippery and it would have been impossible to scale the rampart.

Nobody slept in the Russian camp on the night before the assault. Suvorov ordered the men to lie down and rest, and instructed the officers not to line them up until the signal was given by a rocket so that "their ardour should not be cooled by waiting." He himself visited all the units and chatted with the men, greeting the veterans, speaking words of encouragement to the younger men and recalling the glories won in former battles in Poland and Turkey. After that he returned to his tent for a short rest and appeared to be engrossed in deep reflection.

At 3 a.m. the first rocket signal was fired and the troops took up their respective positions. When the second rocket was fired they advanced within 300 paces of the walls of the fortress. At 5:30 a.m. the third rocket was fired and the columns advanced to the assault.

The Turks had been apprised of the day on which the assault was to take place and were prepared. "The fortress looked like a volcano in eruption," an eye-witness related subsequently. "The columns advanced bravely, in perfect order, quickly reached the moat, threw their fascines into it, rushed across and placed the scaling ladders against the rampart and quickly mounted them. Meanwhile the Musketeers, remaining below, fired at the defenders made visible by their own firing."

The besieged fought desperately. They expected no quarter and gave none. Many women, armed with daggers and scimitars, fought on the rampart, side by side with the men. The Turks made numerous sorties, pressing back and breaking up the Russian battalions. The units became mixed up in the twilight before the dawn. Loud cries of "Hurrah!" alternated with cries of "Allah!" indicating the changing fortunes of the battle. Generals Meknob, Besborodko, Lvov, Ribaupierre and Markov were wounded. The Cossacks had a particularly hard time, as the Turks hacked their lances in two with their sabres and killed them by the hundred.

For the first time in his life Suvorov was not in the midst of the battle. He took up a position on a mound and watched the course of the battle, constantly despatching *aides* to different parts of the field with orders. He had no large reserves under his command, but what he had, the detachment of 2,500 Cossacks, he used to the utmost advantage, frequently lending a helping hand to a unit in difficulties.

At 8 a.m. the outer rampart was captured and the battle swept into the town. Every street had to be fought for, every house represented a strongly defended fortress. The Russian field artillery opened fire down the streets. The Turkish Command committed a series of grave blunders. They failed to utilize their cavalry for sorties, they offered only passive resistance to the Russian force landing from the river, and the attacks were resisted without any plan or order. By 11 a.m. the issue was decided. The Russian troops broke through from the side of the river and at other points, and began a converging drive to the centre of the town, closing in on the Turks in a steel ring.

Kaplan-Girei, the Tatar Khan, the vanquisher of the Austrians at Giurgiu, made a desperate attempt to wrest Ismail from the Russians. At the head of a force of 3,000 cavalry he attacked the Black Sea Cossacks, cut them up and charged deep into the positions of the Russian forces. The Chasseurs and Grenadiers closed the breach, however, surrounded Girei's force and annihilated it.

The battle reached its climax. The Turks were beaten out of the burning houses and "khans," the large brick buildings serving as hotels, in one of which Aidozlu Mahmet, the Commander of the fortress, perished. The general chaos was increased when several thousand horses broke loose from their stables and wildly stampeded through the streets. By the evening all resistance was crushed. In his despatch reporting the victory Suvorov wrote: "No fortress was stronger and more desperately defended than Ismail, which has fallen at the feet of the lofty throne of Her Imperial Majesty as the result of a sanguinary assault!"

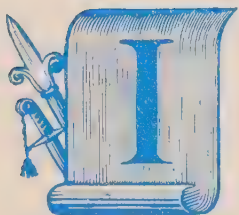
Suvorov was confident that the capture of the fortress—one of the greatest feats in the history of war up to that time—would bring him the Field Marshal's baton, but as a consequence of Potemkin's intrigues, he merely received the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Preobrazhensky Regiment. This was esteemed as a very honourable rank, as the Empress Catherine herself was the Colonel of the regiment, but there were already about a dozen Lieutenant Colonels in it, and as a reward for the capture of Ismail it was a downright insult. Suvorov regarded this feat as the greatest he had ever performed, and subsequently, in a moment of candour, he con-

fessed that it was one that a man could perform only once in a lifetime. He strongly resented the "Ismail disgrace" as he called it, and remembered it to the end of his days. But this was not all. Instead of being allowed to continue the campaign, he was commissioned to build and reorganize the fortifications in Finland. Thus, instead of reward, he was subjected to further humiliation, for he could not otherwise regard the imposition upon him of the functions of Inspector of Fortifications when the guns were still roaring in the South and the entire army, for whom his name had already become the symbol of victory, was yearning for his leadership. But the war was brought to a close without him.

In Finland Suvorov remained for two years until at last circumstances came to his relief. Relations between Russia and Turkey again became strained and due to this, in November, 1792, he, by Imperial rescript, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Land Forces in Ekaterinoslav, Crimea, and the recently annexed Ochakov district. He went to the South, buoyed with great hope. He was glad of any change, the more so that he saw the prospect of service in the field; but for this he had to wait another twenty months.

CHAPTER VII

In Poland Again



IN 1772 Poland was deprived of several of her provinces. In 1793 she was subjected to further partition and a patriotic movement flared up in the country for the restitution of the former frontiers. The military leadership of the rebellion was undertaken by Tadeusz Kosciuszko, a member of the minor gentry, a man of outstanding military talent and indomitable courage. Realizing the necessity of mobilizing the forces of the entire people, Kosciuszko issued an appeal to revolt to the peasants stating that "the person of the peasant is free and he has the right to live in any place he chooses, provided he informs the Commission in his Voyerod where he is moving and pays his dues and taxes." Large numbers of peasants who were groaning under the yoke of the Polish squires flocked to Kosciuszko's banner. He skilfully organized them and formed a formidable force of cavalry and artillery. The rebellion broke out at the beginning of 1794.

Kosciuszko put into the field a regular army of about 90,000 men and, in addition, had under his command a peasant militia of 50,000. In the first period of the campaign neither side achieved success. Autumn was approaching and it looked as though a winter lull would set in, during which the Poles would be able to strengthen their forces. Count Rumyantsev, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces, called for the assistance of Suvorov. At first he gave him only a minor task to perform—to create a diversion in the direction of Brest in order to facilitate operations in the main theatre of war. "It is necessary to make a strong demonstration in the direction of Brest," he wrote in his orders, but it is doubtful whether anybody believed that Suvorov would confine himself to these instructions. Suvorov himself was least of all inclined to play a third-rate role. He started out with the firm intention to extend the limits of his operations, to revive the campaign which had commenced so inauspiciously, and to draw to Warsaw all the forces of the Russian army within his area.

On August 14 Suvorov entered Poland at the head of a force of 5,000 men. He led his troops with his customary impetuosity, covering 25 to 30 versts a day. Somebody described this as a forced march. On hearing this



III. SUVOROV AND POTESKIN IN BENDER



IV. SUVOROV IN EXILE IN KONCHANSKOE

Suvorov was indignant. "There is no such thing as slow and rapid marches for me," he said. "Forward!—and my eagles fly!"

While still watching the development of the campaign in Poland from afar he happened to remark that if he were there he would "finish it in forty days." Now he seemed to want to prove that he was then in earnest. He ordered his troops not to take any winter kit except their cloaks. He himself wore a white duck tunic. Not all his men could stand the pace. Many dropped out of the ranks and lay exhausted on the ground. These were picked up and placed in the baggage carts of the rearguard. Suvorov did all in his power to encourage the men on the march. He galloped to the various units, chatted with the men, addressed them in endearing terms such as "my eagles," "falcons," and so forth, and repeated his military maxims. Sometimes he would ride past a unit without stopping to greet them. This was a sign of his displeasure, which both men and officers took very much to heart.

The first collision with the Poles took place on September 3, near the township of Diwin, where the Russian troops annihilated 300 Polish cavalry. Three days later the Russians defeated the vanguard of General Sierakowski's corps of 16,000 men near the Krupczyce Monastery, and on September 8, the main forces of this corps were defeated and Brest was occupied. Thus, Suvorov brilliantly carried out the task entrusted to him. From now on he was determined to act on his own initiative, but this presented no few difficulties.

By this time Suvorov's unit had grown to about 12,000 men. During the Turkish war he had commanded a far larger force. He had never before surrounded himself with the pomp of a Commander-in-Chief, but now he formally proclaimed himself such, took one of his generals as his Adjutant, appointed General P. Potemkin Commander of the Force, and Generals Buxhowden, Islenyev and Shevich as commanders of the different arms. In short, he took all measures to emphasize that he had assumed independent command. The commanders of the neighbouring units, however, refused to recognize the position he had assumed. When he called upon several of them to detail some of their units to reinforce his own troops in order to commence an immediate march on Warsaw, they refused to obey until they had received permission to do so from General Repnin. He was obliged to postpone the march. "Brest resembles Cannae—the opportunity was missed," he wrote subsequently.

Meanwhile, the Poles suffered another great reverse. On September 29, the troops under General Ferzen defeated them in the Battle of Maciejowice. Kosciuszko was wounded and taken prisoner. This victory safeguarded Suvorov's left flank, which he was unable to cover before owing to a shortage of men. Now nothing restrained him. On October 7 he started out on the march to Warsaw, ordering Generals Ferzen and Derfelden, in the name of the Empress, to do likewise. Fearing Derfelden's "tardiness in action," he made a detour to facilitate a junction with him. He did all in his power to rouse the spirit of his troops to the highest pitch and to convince them of their superiority over the enemy.

One day the Russian vanguard engaged the enemy without artillery, which had remained with the main force. In the midst of the engagement an

officer galloped up to Suvorov and reported in consternation: "The enemy has guns!" "The enemy has guns?" retorted Suvorov, mockingly repeating the words of the officer. "Well, go and take them, and turn them on him."

On approaching Kobylka, an important strategical point, the Russians encountered stubborn resistance. The engagement took place in a dense wood. Not waiting for the infantry to come up, Suvorov personally led the cavalry in an attack, and when his men were unable to force their way through the undergrowth and trees, he ordered them to dismount and charge the enemy on foot with their swords. Subsequently he wrote that this unusual attack by dismounted cavalymen, "the like of which I had never witnessed before," was crowned with success.

Several days after the battle of Kobylka General Derfelden joined Suvorov, thus bringing his force up to 30,000, of whom 12,000 were cavalry. With this force Suvorov set out to capture the last obstacle on the way to Warsaw—the fortified suburb of that city—Praga.

Praga was surrounded by two parallel breastworks, fourteen feet high, and two deep trenches, protected in their turn by abattis, and a treble row of pitfalls. With skilful defence, this would have been an impregnable fortress, but the defenders of Praga, though full of zeal and ready to die for their cause, lacked a definite plan of action and lacked experience in defending a fortress.

In the morning of October 24, five days after their appearance at the walls of Praga, the Russians launched an assault. In many respects the battle orders Suvorov drew up for this assault were similar to those he had drawn up for the assault on the fortress of Ismail. Here, the assault was conducted by seven columns, four of them starting out against the northern part of Praga in order to compel the Poles to withdraw troops from other sectors and concentrate them at this point. Half an hour later the assault was commenced on the eastern and southern sides. The order in which the troops moved was the same as at Ismail. First came the Chasseurs, then the sappers and the men with the scaling instruments, and then the assault units, each column having its own reserve.

On the signal being given by means of a rocket, the first part of the attack was launched at 5 a.m. The Poles did not expect an attack and were immediately thrown into confusion. The entire garrison rushed to the northern side, but the disorderly nature of their resistance prevented them from holding up the attackers—just as was the case in Ismail—and the assault was pressed home with redoubled vigour. Crossing the rows of pits by means of the scaling ladders, the Russians mounted the parapet and pressed forward into Praga. The Fanagorisky Regiment fought its way to the bridge across the Vistula, thus cutting the enemy's retreat to Warsaw. At nine o'clock the Russians forced their way into Praga from all sides. Crowds of soldiers rushed to the bridge. The handful of Poles who had gathered on the other side and were firing at the bridge, could not hope to stem this flood. The sword of Damocles hung over defenceless Warsaw. But suddenly, the bridge burst into flames on the Praga side. Communication was interrupted. Warsaw was saved from the horrors of street fighting. Who set fire to the bridge, nobody could then explain.

It transpired, however, that the order to set fire to the bridge had been given by Suvorov. On the day of the assault he felt indisposed, "could barely drag himself along," as he said, and therefore did not participate in the battle, but watched its progress from a hill about two-thirds of a mile from the front line of Polish fortifications. From the reports he received from his commanders he was able to judge that at no point were the Poles able to withstand the attack, and that the Russian troops were fighting with exceptional vigour. The crash of collapsing buildings, the beating of drums, the rattle of musketry fire, the groans of the wounded and the wild shouting of the men engaged in battle all mingled in wild chaos and Suvorov vividly pictured to himself the carnage that would ensue if his men rushed into Warsaw in their present state. To prevent this he ordered the bridge to be burnt—which the Poles in their confusion had failed to do themselves.

Nobody in Warsaw thought of offering resistance. King Stanislaw August sent Suvorov the following message: "Monsieur General and Commander-in-Chief of the troops of the Empress of all the Russias. The Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Warsaw have requested me to act as intermediary between them and you in order to ascertain what your intentions are regarding this capital. I must inform you that all the inhabitants of the city are ready to defend themselves to the last drop of their blood if you give them no hope as regards their lives and property. I await your reply, and pray to God that He may take you under His holy protection."

The anxiety of the Poles was groundless. Suvorov had achieved his aim. He had won the campaign in less than six weeks. Unlike the assault on Ismail, the assault on Praga meant the immediate cessation of hostilities, for Poland's moral and material strength had been broken. Now, true to his habit, Suvorov believed that the best policy was one of pacification and moderation. He desired neither additional victims, nor indemnities, nor the humiliation of the enemy. He sent the King the following reply:

"Sire. I have received the letter of November 4, which Your Majesty did me the honour to send. In the name of Her Imperial Majesty . . . I promise you the security of the property and person of all citizens and also that I will forget the past and take measures to prevent the slightest excesses on the part of Her Imperial Majesty's troops on entering the city."

The terms of capitulation which he there and then formulated were that the Poles were to surrender all their arms and repair the bridge, across which the Russian troops were to enter the town. On his part he, in the name of the Empress, guaranteed complete amnesty to all those who surrendered, the inviolability of the lives and property of the inhabitants, and the treatment of the King with all the honours due to him. The members of the Sejm were so amazed at the terms that many of them wept with joy. Their surprise and emotion still further increased when Suvorov himself appeared and, observing their embarrassment, threw his sword to the ground and advanced to meet them with the words: "Pokój! Pokój!" (Peace! Peace!)

The citizens of Warsaw expressed their gratitude to Suvorov a month later by presenting him with a gold and enamelled snuff box bearing the

inscription: "From Warsaw to its liberator." This inscription may have seemed ironical when, soon after, Warsaw was handed over to Prussia, but it was a tribute to Suvorov's humanity for all that.

Of the 11,000 prisoners taken more than half were released. The Russians lost 2,000 men. In his despatch to Count Rumyantsev concerning the assault on Praga Suvorov wrote:

"Great courage was indeed required to overcome an enemy who, according to the statements of captured officers, numbered 30,000 men, strongly protected by a treble line of trenches, guarded by numerous guns, and who regarded these fortifications as an impregnable bulwark . . . great courage, I repeat, was needed to surmount all these obstacles and to overcome the enemy's desperate resistance."

The storming of Praga was universally recognized to be an exemplary operation from the military point of view.

Snow fell during the night after the assault and in the morning not a trace of blood was seen. Both the city and the fortifications were covered by a pure white blanket, sparkling in the sun.

The brilliance with which the Polish campaign was conducted silenced all Suvorov's enemies and a "favourable opinion" of him was once again expressed in St. Petersburg. The Empress sent him the coveted Field Marshal's baton.

On entering Warsaw Suvorov ordered his troops to unload their arms and to refrain from all shooting even if shots were fired from the houses. Everything, however, passed off smoothly. No untoward incidents occurred. On receiving the keys of the city, Suvorov expressed his pleasure that the price at which he had acquired them was not as high as that which he had had to pay for the keys of Praga.

Next day Suvorov had an audience with King Stanislaw August, and for this occasion, departing from his habit, he donned his full-dress uniform with all his Orders, and drove to the palace accompanied by an escort of cavalry. The meeting with the King was extremely friendly. Suvorov continued his policy of leniency and forbearance. When the King requested him to liberate a captive officer who had been a member of his suite, Suvorov readily answered: "I will release a hundred if you wish it," and after a pause, "two hundred, three hundred, well, make it five hundred." He immediately despatched a courier to order the release of three hundred officers and two hundred non-commissioned officers. This gesture created a profound impression on the Poles, and many of them became friendly disposed towards Suvorov. The Field Marshal's subsequent conduct was quite in keeping with this. He took care to avoid offending the national sentiments of the Poles and in general refrained from behaving as the mighty conqueror. He attended the balls arranged by the squires and magnates, whose fears were soon allayed when they learned that their estates were to remain intact. He carried through a number of measures to Poland's advantage. For example, in order to raise the rate of Polish currency he ordered the destruction of credit notes which had fallen into his hands as spoils of war amounting to 768,000 zlotys. He prohibited the requisition of provisions for the army in return for receipts and ordered that all supplies be paid for in cash. He took strict measures to maintain

discipline among his troops, to prevent marauding and to protect cultural monuments.

All this was foreign to the methods of conducting war at that time. In this respect Suvorov stood head and shoulders above his times. "Wise magnanimity," he said, "is often more effective than the swift sword of war." These words expressed his program of action in a vanquished country. Suvorov's conduct in vanquished Poland testified that in addition to being a military genius he was also a gifted statesman; his method of governing Poland was that of a wise and humane ruler. It is not surprising that Orlowski, the Commandant of Warsaw, wrote to Kosciuszko, then a prisoner of war: "It remains for us to be consoled by the magnanimity and mildness with which the victor is, as far as he is able, treating the vanquished." Suvorov refrained from humiliating the vanquished country and thereby quickly inclined it to the path of appeasement.

But Suvorov's conduct ran counter to the program of the governments of Prussia, Austria and Russia. He received an order from St. Petersburg which at last revealed to him the real intentions of the allied governments; he was ordered to impose indemnities, confiscate property, to make arrests, to resort to arms at the slightest sign of protest, to dismiss the Mayor and Aldermen of Warsaw and to do many other things of a similar nature.

Hard times set in for Suvorov. He was never fitted for the task of passively fulfilling the orders of others, especially when he regarded them as unjust. Open insubordination, however, was impossible and useless. He chose the middle course of partially yielding to the demands of St. Petersburg, while continuing his own policy in its main outlines. This independence on the part of the Field Marshal caused great vexation in St. Petersburg, and his enemies began to enumerate his sins of omission and commission. Count Rumyantsev, for example, counted up how many officers Suvorov had released, and finding that they amounted to 18 generals and 829 staff and other higher officers, in addition to all the officers captured during the assault on Praga, he appeared to be horrified at such leniency. There were some, however, more far-sighted than the rest of the courtiers, who were inclined to look favourably upon Suvorov's conduct. Zavadovsky, one of Catherine's favourites, stated: "Suvorov was censured for forgetting everything and forgiving everybody, but he says that the Poles have nothing left: all their property, all their artillery without exception, all their armaments have been taken, and in return they have received 24,000 passports. His reply is very apt and convincing." In short, Suvorov proved to be a more far-sighted and skilful statesman than Catherine's diplomats.

There can be no doubt that Suvorov would have been recalled very soon had St. Petersburg been quite sure that Poland had been completely pacified, but the Russian government continued to receive information of unrest in the country, hence his presence in the army there was absolutely essential. His position, however, became more precarious every day. He was gradually pushed into the background, prevented from taking part in settling important questions, and his orders were countermanded. He saw no way out of his predicament and was sorely grieved at this "miserable dryness in the midst of my apotheosis," as he put it.

In October, 1795, he received Her Majesty's gracious rescript recalling him to St. Petersburg, where he was received with unprecedented honour. A royal carriage was sent to meet him at Strelna, beyond the outskirts of the city, and lodgings were prepared for him in the Taurida Palace, with a whole suite of courtiers. Knowing his detestation of mirrors, the Empress ordered all the mirrors in the palace to be covered up. But these favours did not conceal the rift that had occurred between Catherine's Court and Suvorov.

Catherine had been on the throne for thirty-three years and had always looked askance at the refractory General, but she could not but appreciate the immensity of the services he had rendered and his popularity in the army and in Western Europe. Consequently, in spite of the intrigues of her back-biting courtiers, she had raised him to high rank, and there did not appear to be anything to mar the good relations between the Empress and her best military leader. Nevertheless, a factor existed which inevitably had to affect them. Suvorov's mentality was entirely different from that of the Court; he was totally unable to keep in step with it, and, above all, he did not wish to. He was not a Potemkin, or a Repnin.

Suvorov was quite aware that it was idle to hope that he would be able to retain the Empress' favour, or turn from himself the dislike of the courtiers and generals, but he returned from Poland fully conscious of his importance. Now he more emphatically than ever expressed his disapproval of the state of affairs at Court, and expressed it in his usual eccentric way. On coming into the Empress' presence he fell on his knees and kissed the hem of her gown and then, with an innocent air, criticized and condemned, poked his fingers into the sores of the system. The Empress presented him with a sable coat, as fine as any worn by the wealthiest of the courtiers; but he said that it was too good for him and wore his old cloak, while his servant, Proshka, trotted behind him carrying the sable coat. It is not surprising that Rastopchin wrote that he was at a loss to know how to get rid of Suvorov, whose "banal jokes" often caused Her Majesty to blush.

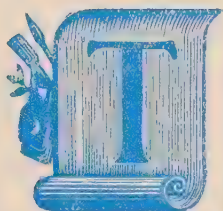
Suvorov made no secret of his contempt for the courtiers. He received them dressed only in his undergarments. Sometimes he refused to receive them at all. On their approach he ran out into the street, stepped into their carriages, chatted with them for a moment or so and then ran back to the palace, leaving them fuming with rage and vexation. He mocked at their rules of precedence, their pompousness and their ignorance. One day Suvorov was informed that a certain officer had gone out of his mind. He disputed this, and a heated argument ensued until it was discovered that he was thinking of a different officer. "Well, I'm glad it is so," he said with a sigh of relief, "otherwise I would have argued till morning, for the officer I am speaking of hasn't got what this other one has lost."

Catherine wanted to get rid of the barb-tongued Marshal by sending him to the Persian frontier where war was anticipated, but Suvorov was not charmed with the prospect of a Persian expedition, the more so that there were rumours of the possibility of war with France. He deemed it inexpedient to be far away in such an acute situation, although he emphasized that it was not the remoteness of the expedition that disturbed him. He

was sent to Finland to inspect the fortifications that were erected in 1792. This task he performed in two weeks. He was then appointed to the command of one of the southern armies, of which there were now three, one under the command of Rumyantsev and the second of Repnin. Suvorov's army consisted of the troops stationed in the Kharkov, Ekaterinoslav, Taurida and Voznesensk Regions. In the spring of 1796 Suvorov went to the town of Tulchin on the Dniester, where he intended to establish his headquarters. On taking leave of the Empress he was profuse in his compliments, which Her Majesty as profusely returned, but both breathed a sigh of relief when the audience drew to a close.

CHAPTER VIII

Banishment



THE first months of his stay in Tulchin was a period of perfect calm for Suvorov. He was proud of his rank of Field Marshal and of his command of the largest army in Russia, and pleased with the prospect of war with France, who had defeated the biggest military leaders of Western Europe. Russia did, indeed, begin to make preparations for war with France. The number of troops to take part in this war was decided, *i.e.*, 51,000, and orders were issued to muster it. The Commander-in-Chief was not yet appointed, but everybody mentioned Suvorov. In anticipation of this campaign Suvorov set to work to train his troops with all his customary ardour. Within a few months the army was unrecognizable. Mortality among the men dropped from 25 per cent to 1 per cent. The formerly ragged and emaciated soldiers, dispirited by continuous punishment, were transformed into well-clothed, healthy, cheerful and daring Suvorovites. Once again, as he did at Novaya Ladoga, but now no longer as a Colonel, but as a Field Marshal, he conducted his work among the men themselves. His favourite maxim for training soldiers was: "Every soldier must be brought to the state where it can be said to him: 'You have learned all there is to be learned, take care not to forget it.'" As before, he concentrated his efforts on the task of cultivating the men's intelligence, initiative and determination. To emphasize these qualities he, as was his habit, went to extremes. He refused to entertain the idea of retreating under any circumstances. If, while a unit was on the march, some of the men went too far ahead they were not allowed to fall back; the rest had to quicken their pace to catch up with them. One day, during a parade he rode close up to a line of men drawn up in front of him and the officer in command, wanting to give him more room, ordered the front rank to take one pace back. "Arrest him!" roared Suvorov. "These 'I don't know Sirs' are a pest and will infect the entire army!"

By "I don't know Sir" he meant the stereotyped reply given by a private when questioned by an officer on a matter outside the usual routine, and he applied this epithet to everybody, officers and men, who showed lack of intelligence. He detested stupidity and blind routine and did all in his power to make the men think for themselves. He was delighted when a soldier gave evidence of his wit and intelligence, even at his own expense.

On one occasion he asked a soldier: "How far is it to the moon?" The soldier promptly answered: "Two days' march!" The Field Marshal chuckled and goodnaturedly patted the man on the shoulder. Another man he asked: "How many stars are there in the heavens?" The man answered: "I'll count them in a jiffy!" and he went on counting until the Field Marshal, chilled with waiting in the cold, hastened away. In punishing "I don't know Sirs" Suvorov pursued the object of eradicating confusion, lack of resource and fear in face of unforeseen contingencies. This was no easy task in the army at that time, when soldiers were trained to perform every single action only by word of command, but it was a very urgent one. Furthermore, he did all in his power to combat peculation, which was rife in the army and the cause of the soldiers going hungry and in rags. Thus, in a letter received by A.R. Vorontsov, containing news from the capital, we read the following lines: "Count A.V. Suvorov reported in a despatch that in his army he had found that nearly all the generals were either sub-contractors or contractors." Suvorov took stern measures to suppress bribery and all other forms of corruption.

His most radical innovation was his method of training his men for the field. He divided his troops into two opposing forces, each lined up along an extended front. The two lines would simultaneously march toward each other until a space of only one hundred paces separated them, and then, at the word of command, they would charge at each other, the infantry at a run and the cavalry at a gallop. The infantry held their muskets with fixed bayonets ready for a lunge and pointed them upwards only on the point of contact with the "enemy." Just as the lines met the men would smartly tip their muskets and make a half-turn to the right, thus enabling the two lines to pass harmlessly through each other. Sometimes, especially when cavalry participated in the exercises, a real scrimmage occurred, in which several of the men were hurt. Suvorov showed great concern for the men when this happened, but he did not alter his methods. The exercises proceeded amidst the ceaseless roar and rattle of artillery and musketry fire—with flank charges—so that the attacking sides were enveloped in thick clouds of smoke. All this was intended to reproduce as far as possible the actual conditions of the battlefield and to train the men to be swift and intrepid in their movements. If any hitch occurred when the lines met and crossed the whole exercise was gone through again.

While the exercises were in progress Suvorov galloped hither and thither about the field, issuing orders, moving units from one place to another, praising some, and scolding others. His presence encouraged the soldiers and enthused them with feverish energy. The artillery strained all their efforts to keep up with the infantry, the latter did all in their power to keep well up with the cavalry, and all were spurred on by this gaunt old man in a coarse linen shirt galloping across the plains, shouting: "Take aim! Bayonets! Thrust harder!"

After the exercises Suvorov would often assemble the unit and briefly review the course of the operation. He spoke in a low but confident voice convinced that the men who heard him would next day spread what he had said throughout the entire army. Although a Field Marshal, he remained very simple in his manners, and this pleased the soldiers very much. He also

won their hearts by refraining from interfering in minor details, and prohibited his officers from taking notice of trifles. In cases of infringement of the fundamental rules of the service, however, or cases of insubordination, he was very stern and punished the higher ranks even more severely than the lower.

In Tulchin Suvorov definitely formulated and drew up his celebrated manual which he called *The Science of Victory*. He had trained his troops in conformity with his manual while still in Kherson and during the campaign in Poland, and most of the soldiers knew it by heart. In Tulchin he put the finishing touches to it.

In the main, *The Science of Victory* was similar to his *Suzdal Manual*. It was based on the same principles, and it, too, linked technical with moral training and laid the same stress on vigour and swiftness in action. It was drawn up in the same staccato terms which the soldiers, accustomed to the mannerisms of their General, easily understood. *The Science of Victory* consisted of two parts: one, "Guard Parade," contained the drill instructions, and the other and main part, "Oral Instruction," contained Suvorov's famous maxims concerning the soldier's conduct in manoeuvres and on the battlefield. This document is so interesting that it deserves to be quoted at length. The second part runs as follows:

THE SCIENCE OF VICTORY

(Active Art of War)

Part II:

Oral Instruction of Soldiers

. . . Marching pace—one arshin; advance—one and a half arshins; maintain proper intervals. . . .

Save ammunition for three days and sometimes for a whole campaign when other supplies unavailable. Shoot rarely, but with good aim; thrust vigorously with the bayonet; the bullet may miss, but the bayonet never: the bullet's a fool, the bayonet's the boy.

Thrust once—throw the heathen from your bayonet. Sabre across his neck—leap back one pace, strike again, cut down a second, then a third; a hero will cut down half a dozen, and I have seen even more. Keep your bullet in the barrel; if three attack you—bayonet the first, shoot the second, bayonet the third.

Never pause during an attack. . . .

Don't offend civilians; they provide us with food and drink. A soldier is not a robber. To take war booty is rightful. Capture a camp and everything is yours; capture a fortress and it is yours; but take no booty without orders.

Field battle—three attacks. At the flank, which is weaker. Strong flank (if) covered by wood—no obstacle, soldiers will break

through. Attack in centre inadvisable unless cavalry cut through, otherwise will be crushed yourselves. Attack in the rear very good, but for small corps only; difficult for whole army to get into rear. . . .

Assault. Break through abattis, throw fascines across pits; run forward quickly, jump over palisades, throw fascines across, drop into moat, place the scaling ladders. Musketeers clear the columns, aim at their heads. Columns jump wall to earthworks, scale them, straighten line, place guard over powder magazines; open gates for cavalry. The enemy retires into the city—turn his own guns upon him. Heavily bombard streets; rapid fire, no time to go after him. Enemy surrenders—give him quarter; wall occupied—go for booty.

Three arts of war. First—judgement; how to lay out camp, how to march, where to attack, drive and strike; (also) what position to occupy, ascertain enemy's approximate strength, ascertain his intentions.

Second—swiftness. Marching: field artillery from half verst to verst in front, so that going downhill or uphill may not impede. . . No halting—march, play, sing, beat the drums, let music resound. Having covered ten versts—first squad remove knapsacks, lie down; after it second squad, and so on, squad after squad; front squads not to wait for the rear. After first ten versts—one hour's rest. First squad jumps up, puts on knapsack, runs forward ten to fifteen paces . . . and so on, squad after squad, so that rear squads may continue to rest. After second ten versts—halt; rest for hour or more. . . .

Field kitchens go on ahead with tents so that when men arrive food is ready; orderlies to field kitchens. Rest for dinner—four hours. Same for night: rest six to eight hours, according to condition of road. . . .

Thus, quick pace, but men not tired. Enemy does not expect us, thinks we are hundred versts away . . . suddenly we are upon him like a bolt from the blue; makes his head swim. . . .

Third—vigorous attack. One leg reinforces the other, one hand strengthens the other; many men perish from volley, enemy also possesses hand; but does not possess the Russian bayonet. Line up in open order—attack at once with cold steel; if no time to extend line—move out of covered and restricted place. . . . Usually cavalry charges, followed by infantry—but in all cases maintain line. Cavalry must act as infantry everywhere, except in marshy districts, where horses must be led by bridle. Two lines are a force, three are one and a half; the first breaks, the second overthrows, the third completes job.

Beware asylums. German medicines from afar are rotten, all useless and harmful. Russian soldiers not accustomed to them. You have your own roots and herbs. The soldier is precious; take care of his health, clear his stomach if constipated; hunger is the best medicine. Those who neglect men—arrest if officers, flog if

under officer or corporal, and those who neglect themselves deserve to be flogged. . . .

Heroes. The enemy trembles before you, but there are even worse enemies: those damned 'I don't know Sirs,' whisperers, backbiters, liars, windbags, rumour-mongers, hypocrites, two-facers, bootlickers, muddleheads . . . these 'I don't know Sirs' cause a lot of trouble. Officer 'I don't know Sirs'—arrest; in case of staff officers confine to quarters.

Soldiers must be healthy, brave, firm, determined, truthful and pious. . . .

Knowledge is light, ignorance is darkness; the job fears the craftsman. . . . One educated man is worth three uneducated; in fact, more than three, let it be six, let it be ten—we shall beat them all, knock them down, take them prisoner. . . . Brothers, that's what military training means! Officers, what a delight!

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These instructions were read on parade, after which the command was given: "Parole! Both flanks, sentries forward march! Present arms!" After the parole, watchword and signal were given and commendation or reprimand was read out the officer proclaimed in a loud voice Suvorov's principal maxims: "Subordination! Exercise! Discipline! Cleanliness! Smartness! Sound health! Cheerfulness! Daring! Courage! Victory! Glory, glory, glory!"

The Science of Victory may be reduced to the following seven main points:

1. In war morale is of immense importance. The principal weapon is the man. All the men must strive for victory and understand how to achieve it. ("Every soldier must understand his manoeuvre.")

2. Victory is achieved by attacking and defeating the main forces of the enemy.

3. One of the most essential conditions of victory is a swift and sudden blow. ("Victory is decided by the legs; the arms are only instruments of victory.")

4. The bayonet charge plays the decisive role in crushing the enemy.

5. A soldier must be trained only for what will be useful to him on the battlefield. Everything likely to overburden him must be cast aside. On the other hand, the soldier must be trained to perfection. ("Hard on the training ground, easy in battle.")

6. Commanders must pay the utmost attention to the men's needs.

7. Soldiers must be trained to treat civilians and prisoners of war kindly. ("Don't offend civilians. Treat prisoners kindly and humanely.")

The Science of Victory cut out everything the soldier did not need, but taught him everything that was likely to be of use to him on the march and on the battlefield.

And so the days passed in Tulchin. Fate again provided the aged General with a brief period of repose. An observer who was with Suvorov in that period stated: "Our venerable old man is well. He is very pleased with his

present mode of life. You know that this is the season of his favourite pleasures—the field, training, the camp and constant exercise; he needs nothing more to make him happy.” But this happy period was of short duration, and it was destined to be the last.

In November, 1796, Catherine II died and her son, Paul I, succeeded to the throne. This tyrannical and evil-tempered monarch was an ardent worshipper of everything Prussian. The old Prussian uniform was reintroduced in the army. The soldiers were obliged to wet their hair, sprinkle it thickly with flour and allow it to harden, and an iron rod was plaited into their queues to keep them stiff and straight. In addition they had artificial side locks attached to their temples. The former pernicious, soul-destroying stickling at trifles was revived. A button torn from the coat of a single soldier was enough to condemn a complete manoeuvre carried out to perfection. Blind obedience became the supreme law. “A soldier is merely a machine, an article provided for by the regulations,” was one of the wise aphorisms uttered by Paul. For the slightest offense a soldier was sentenced to a hundred strokes with a ramrod. For the most trifling misdemeanours, officers with long and good fighting records were subjected to reprimands couched in the most offensive terms. A colonel from Suvorov’s school committed suicide after receiving such a reprimand from Count Arakcheyev, Paul’s right-hand man. During the ceremony of Changing of the Guard Paul would summarily order men to be flogged and officers to be reduced to the ranks. One day, after a parade, a regiment which had displeased the Emperor in some way heard from him the following command: “Forward, to Siberia—quick march!” And it was obliged to march off to Siberia straight from the parade ground.

No contrast could be sharper than that between the methods inculcated by Suvorov in Tulchin and those pursued by Paul in St. Petersburg. Suvorov immediately rose in protest against these “Prussian tricks,” which nullified the reforms of Rumyantsev and Potemkin and his own forty years of activity. The Russian army was pushed back half a century to the times of Peter’s incompetent successors. Its living spirit was crushed, and its place taken by soul-destroying, mechanical obedience. Fighting efficiency gave way to goose-stepping, and the cultivation of the specifically Russian qualities of the soldier to a pale imitation of Prussian methods. Suvorov protested against all this both as a soldier and as a patriot. Formerly he had agreed to compromise now and again and had resorted to “court intrigue” to get his own way, but now the call of duty prevented him from acting in this way. Long ago he had taken as his device: “Never against my country!” and he remained faithful to it to the end.

Obsequious servitors more and more frequently reported to the Emperor the biting criticism expressed by the old Field Marshal: “The soldiers were bright and cheerful before, but now they are dispirited and Changing of the Guard are depressing affairs.” “My pace has been reduced by one-fourth, and so, instead of marching forty versts to meet the enemy, we can only march thirty.” “The Russians have always beaten the Prussians, what can they learn from them?” “There is nothing more lousy than the Prussians. Their cloaks were called ‘Lauser’ or lousy. You could never pass their guard house or sentry boxes without danger of infection, and their heads

stank enough to make you faint." "Hair powder is not gunpowder, nor false locks guns." "Pigtails are not sabres." "I am not a German, but a born Russian," etc., etc. To this was added open refusal to obey the Emperor's commands. Suvorov refused to introduce the new Army Regulations and continued to train his men according to his own system. He did not dissolve his Staff and continued to grant leave of absence on his own accord, as before.

Suvorov was opposed to the entire system of army reform introduced by the Emperor. The latter attached most importance to ceremonial marching, and believed that the more even the step, the greater the chances of victory. The Field Marshal, however, attached no importance to parade ground marching and drilling. He was concerned about training the men for the battlefield and providing them with warm and convenient clothing, and sufficient and wholesome food. The Emperor held that soldiers must not think. Suvorov detested blockheads and blind obedience. The Emperor wanted to introduce Prussian methods. Suvorov claimed that Russian army customs were far more effective. The Emperor simply did not regard soldiers as human beings. Suvorov respected the human dignity of every man. Under these circumstances it was impossible for the Emperor and his Field Marshal to find common ground.

Amidst the cringing obedience that he saw all around him, Suvorov's conduct amazed and irritated the Emperor. "I am surprised," he wrote to Suvorov one day, "that you, whom we expected to be the first to obey our will, remain the last." This was not only a reproach, but also a threat, which the Emperor did not delay in putting into execution. Suvorov's life was made unbearable by remonstrances and reprimands which descended upon him in an unending flood for infringements of regulations, imaginary and real. At last, unable to stand it any longer, but not wishing to break with the army altogether, he put in a request for a year's leave of absence "in order to recuperate my strength, which is failing day after day," but this was refused. Things reached such a pitch that on February 3, 1797, he handed in his resignation. But even before the Emperor received this he, on February 6, issued an order dismissing Suvorov on the grounds that "as there is no war, there is nothing for him to do."

The Emperor's decree came like a thunderbolt. Nobody could believe that the great Field Marshal, whose name shone with fame, would be simply cashiered like a delinquent subaltern. Suvorov's enemies gloated over his fall, his friends gradually dropped away from him. Eighteen officers whom he had offered positions as stewards on his estates if they resigned from the army with him, took care, first of all, to ascertain whether the Emperor was really very displeased with Suvorov, and on finding that this was so, decided not to hand in their resignations.

Suvorov himself bore this new change of fortune very stoically. He remained at Tulchin another six weeks, until he received official permission to leave, and then left for his estate in Kobrino. The news of Suvorov's departure from the army came as a shock to the troops, particularly to the rank-and-file; but the widespread indignation and grief expressed at the dismissal of the Field Marshal only served to increase the fear and hatred of the despot of St. Petersburg. The dismissal of Suvorov was no longer enough

for him. He sent Collegiate Assessor Nikolev post haste to Kobrino with a new decree: "To transfer Suvorov to his remote estate in Borovichi, situated deep in the Novgorod Gubernia." None of the officers who had accompanied Suvorov to Kobrino were permitted to travel with him to his appointed domicile. The preparations for his departure were so hurried that he had no time to take his valuables and money. He was not allowed to leave any directions for the management of his estate. The coach was ready and before he could look round he was bundled into it, the coachman cracked his whip and the horses dashed off at a gallop to the North.

Near the town of Borovichi Suvorov had a neglected estate named Konchanskoye. The name originated from the word *konets*—"the end"—as it marked the boundary of the habitations of the Karelians who had settled here from the North. The place was surrounded by lakes, marshes and forests. Here Suvorov had several hundred serfs, who dragged out a miserable existence, knowing no trade and obtaining what livelihood they could from the stony, barren soil. It was in this godforsaken hole that Suvorov arrived in May, 1797.

The manor house was so dilapidated that it was uninhabitable and Suvorov took up his quarters in a hut with two rooms, one above the other. His entire furniture consisted of a divan, a table, several chairs and a book-case. The walls were adorned with portraits of Peter I and Catherine II, and with several family portraits. A month after his arrival his daughter Natasha arrived with her son. This greatly revived the spirits of the disgraced Field Marshal and he began to take a more cheerful view of his fate. But two months later his visitors departed, and the old veteran was again left to his own bitter reflections. Life became still more unbearable for him.

The news that filtered through from St. Petersburg was far from consoling. The Emperor was enraged against him. Suvorov's name dared not be mentioned in the army, which had been placed entirely in the power of the infamous Arakcheyev whose hands dripped with blood of the soldiers who were beaten almost to death with ramrods. Moreover, not content with ruining Suvorov's career the Emperor set out to ruin him financially. Suddenly, claims came pouring in from all sides which the Emperor ordered him to meet. Some of them were of the most fantastic character. For example, a Pole claimed compensation for damage caused to his property by the Russian artillery in 1794. The total claims amounted to 100,000 rubles, whereas Suvorov's income amounted to only 50,000 rubles. To meet all these claims Suvorov's Kobrino estate was sequestered. All this had a very depressing effect upon the old veteran, the more so that, contrary to aristocratic tradition, he hated debts. As he always impressed upon his son Arkadi: "There is nothing base in being poor, but it is very base to fall into debt."

All this misfortune, humiliation and persecution almost drove Suvorov out of his mind. He would pace up and down his room for whole days, not seeing a single soul, having nobody to whom he could pour out his heart. He was overcome by mortal ennui. Sometimes, at night, unable to sleep, he went into the forest and wandered about till morning.

The Emperor waited in expectation that the aged Marshal would appeal to him for forgiveness. Insane tyrant though he was, he realized that Suvo-

rov's banishment had created an unfavourable impression not only in Russia but also abroad; but surrounded by obedience and obsequiousness, he felt certain that the proud spirit of the aged Field Marshal would soon be broken and that even if his voice would not mingle in the chorus of adulation, he would nevertheless behave in such a way as to make it possible to appoint him to a second-rate position in the army and so appease public opinion in Europe. But time went on and Suvorov did not yield. In 1798, the Emperor summoned the aged Field Marshal to St. Petersburg and ingratiatingly invited him to return to the army. But Suvorov refused to compromise and preferred banishment to trafficking with his conscience. He returned to Konchanskoye. He now read a great deal. He had the odes of Derzhavin and Ossian sent to him, he subscribed to the newspapers and eagerly followed the course of the war in which France was engaged. He soon appreciated the importance of the early successes achieved by Bonaparte, and it was then that he expressed his famous utterance: "That stripling is going too far! It's time he was pulled up!" As time went on he paid higher and higher tribute to the military genius of the great French General. This is expressed even in the manner in which he spoke of him. First he called Bonaparte a fledgeling, then a stripling, and later "that young man." One day Rastopchin asked him to say who in his opinion were the greatest military leaders in history. Thinking for a moment he answered: "Caesar, Hannibal and Bonaparte." This was when Napoleon was still at the beginning of his career. Appreciating the latter's military talents so highly, Suvorov longed to cross swords with him in the firm hope of beating him.

Anticipating the possibility of war with France and anxious to ascertain the opinion of the hermit of Konchanskoye, the Emperor sent General Prevost de Lumian there to interview him. Suvorov drew up in brief outline the following plan of campaign: to leave two observation corps at Strasbourg and Luxembourg and push on to Paris without waste of time and without dissipating forces for conducting sieges. Only two men could have suggested a plan like that—Suvorov and Napoleon. It goes without saying that Paul's military experts rejected this plan.

The yellowing leaves marked the passing of the brief summer and with it Suvorov's brief period of cheerfulness. Everything around depressed him. Ennui again overcame him. "Idleness oppresses and tires. The soul is like a flame which must be sustained, and which must become extinguished if it does not flare up brighter," he wrote. His depression was aggravated by declining health. In December, 1798, he complained that "my left side, more injured than the right, has been numbed for the past five days, and over a month ago I was unable to move at all."

But suddenly, relief came. In the beginning of February, 1799, the grave-like tranquility of Konchanskoye was disturbed by a sleigh which came dashing into the village drawn by three horses harnessed abreast. In it was the Emperor's messenger, General Tolbukhin, bearing His Majesty's most gracious rescript appointing Suvorov Commander-in-Chief of the Russian and Austrian armies operating against the French in Italy.

CHAPTER IX

The Italian Campaign



THE Emperor Paul had joined the coalition of England, Austria, Turkey and Naples which had been formed to combat revolutionary France. This was the fruit of Austrian diplomacy, which had long dreamed of relying on Russian bayonets in the fight against France.

The Russian fleet sailed for the Mediterranean and occupied the Ionian Islands. At the same time an army of 20,000 men was equipped under the command of General Rosenberg, then 60 years of age, which was ordered to march to Vienna to join the Austrian army. The question then arose of whom to appoint Commander-in-Chief. All the likely candidates for this post had already suffered defeat at the hands of the French and were therefore out of the running. Sir William Pitt, the head of the British government, suggested Suvorov. After long hesitation the Austrians supported this proposal and requested the Emperor Paul to send them the man "whose courage and deeds would guarantee success in the great cause." The Emperor was flattered. "You see what the Russians are! They are always a good stand-by!" he exclaimed on receiving this request, and forthwith despatched General Tolbukhin to Konchanskoye. Fearing that Suvorov might decline the invitation he sent a private letter with the official rescript couched in the following terms:

"Count Alexander Vassilyevich. This is not the time for settling old scores. God will forgive the guilty one. The Emperor of Rome is demanding that you be appointed commander of his army and places the fate of Austria and Italy in your hands. It is my duty to agree to this, and yours to save them. Hasten here with all speed and do not deprive your fame of glory and me of the pleasure of beholding you."

Paul's anxiety was groundless, however. What mattered past wrongs to Suvorov when this tempting prospect arose of standing at the head of his "wonderful heroes"—as he always called his men—and of fighting the most formidable army in the world? He had long ago said: "I regard it as a punishment of God that up to now I have not once encountered Bonaparte!" Here was the prospect of meeting Bonaparte's leading commanders and, perhaps, Bonaparte himself. Ennui, sickness and wrongs were at once forgot-

ten. Next day he was already on the road to St. Petersburg. An interesting detail is the fact that the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces had no money for the journey, and he was obliged to borrow 250 rubles from the village elder, Fomka. Several days later he was in the capital.

The news of Suvorov's return to the army caused rejoicing not only among the troops but also among the people. Crowds ran after his carriage as it rolled through the streets. His glory seemed to shine with added lustre after his banishment in Konchanskoye.

Suvorov left St. Petersburg for Vienna at the end of February and on the way halted at Mitau, where Louis XVIII, the pretender to the French throne, had taken refuge. Subsequently, Louis stated that Suvorov impressed him as a great military genius, and added that "his eccentricities would have been the antics of a lunatic had they not been prompted by the calculations of a subtle and far-seeing mind." Suvorov also made a short stay at Vilna, where his favourite Fanagorisky Regiment was stationed. The regiment was lined up for inspection and the aged General walked briskly between its ranks, addressing old veterans by name, embracing and chatting with them. At the end of the parade Grenadier Kabanov stepped out of the ranks and on behalf of all the men begged him to take them with him to Italy. Suvorov was touched, but replied that he could not do so without the Emperor's permission. On March 14 he arrived in Vienna. The Italian campaign commenced.

In the Austrian army, all military questions were settled by the Court Military Council known as the Hofkriegsrat. The pernicious influence of the Hofkriegsrat which tried from Vienna to direct in every detail the armies fighting hundreds of miles away had reached the utmost limit. Suvorov had no intention of having his actions restricted by anyone, let alone the Austrians. When members of the Hofkriegsrat presented themselves to him for the purpose of discussing the plan of campaign he bluntly told them that he would decide everything on the spot. The Austrians then brought him their own plan, which was to press the French back to the river Adda. Suvorov ran his pen across the plan and stated: "I will begin at Adda . . . and end wherever it pleases God." The latter half of this remark was only a flourish, for, of course, he had his plan of campaign mapped out, but, as was his custom, only in general outline, to be changed in conformity with the situation at the scene of operations.

The period of 1793-1799 was marked by the astounding victories won by the French armies. There were many reasons for this. Under the rule of the revolutionary Convention the French soldiers were inspired by their new ideals expressed by the motto "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." Believing that they were bringing freedom to the populations still groaning under semi-feudal conditions, they fought with unexampled enthusiasm. True, towards the end of the '90's, in the period of the Directorate and of Bonaparte, France's revolutionary wars grew into wars of aggression, but the French armies remained under the command of leaders who had come to the front by merit and not by high birth. Moreover, the revolution had introduced a new military system. The armies were light and mobile. They did not carry with them a vast amount of cumbersome baggage, but lived on the population of the countries in which they fought on the principle

that "war must feed war." Owing to continuous fighting and the lack of time to train soldiers, to perform complicated manoeuvres, the former reliance was revived on the effectiveness of vigorous strokes with the aid of cold steel. The old line formation was superseded by mass formation in deep columns, or else by fighting in open order. The old tactics of cautious and timid waiting were superseded by the tactics of furious assault. The French paid little attention to providing cover for their flanks, to saving manpower and protecting communications. They launched attacks with fearless courage, often when exhausted and hungry, in an endeavour to pierce the enemy's front, or else outflank his positions. The motto of the French generals was "Nothing has been done as long as something remains to be done," and to this they added: "Make every effort as if it were the last." Forced to fight against such an impetuous foe, the old armies suffered defeat after defeat.

The only system that rivalled the French was Suvorov's. The veteran Prussian Field Marshal Mellendorf frankly stated that Suvorov was the first and only military leader of that time who understood the spirit and quality of the French army and at once found an efficient and successful method of combating it. As regards tactics, Suvorov had long combined line with column formation and, what is still more important, he opposed the French with a vigour, mobility and endurance equal to their own. His maxims: "To be frightened means to be half vanquished," "Death runs from the sabre and the bayonet of the brave," "The safest way of achieving victory is to seek it among the enemy battalions," "Where a deer can cross, a soldier can cross," "A minute decides the issue of a battle"—the maxims which expressed his consistent military philosophy were similar to the French revolutionary principles of warfare. In proposing Suvorov as Commander-in-Chief, Pitt was evidently governed by the principle expressed in the Russian proverb: "Use a wedge to knock out a wedge." He realized that the old tactics were obsolete, and that Suvorov's tactics had anticipated those of the French which had given their armies the advantage over the old armies. The Russian soldiers who were to carry out these tactics had been trained by their leader to perform every operation with the maximum of effort, and they always fought, as Suvorov expressed it, "like the desperate . . . and there is nobody more terrible than the desperate." It is not surprising that foreign commentators expressed the opinion that the Russian battalions "were as firm and strong as bastions."

A gigantic struggle lay ahead, and Suvorov by no means underrated his foe. The allied forces were fighting the French in Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands and Alsace. Suvorov was put in command of the army in Italy, which numbered 66,000 Austrians and 17,800 Russians, the latter comprising 14,200 infantry, 2,800 Cossacks and 800 artillerymen. Subsequently, he was joined by Rebinder's corps, numbering 10,000 men. The French army consisted of 70,000 regular troops and of several tens of thousands of Italian and Polish volunteers. The Austrian forces were under the command of General Melas, who subsequently lost the Battle of Marengo. Suvorov goodnaturedly called him "good old Papa Melas." The French armies in Rome and Naples were commanded by the talented General Macdonald, while the army in Northern Italy was commanded by the aged, unpopular and incompetent General Schérer.

Suvorov hastened to the theatre of military operations, passing the columns of troops marching on the way. Now and again he sighed as he saw his swift detachments encumbered by long trains of baggage carts. Many officers had their wives with them, and instead of orderlies had whole staffs of servants. Some even had packs of hunting dogs with them. With Suvorov's arrival at Headquarters, however, everything changed as if by magic. The slow ambling of the troops gave way to rapid marches. In eighteen days the troops covered 520 versts, sometimes covering as much as sixty versts a day. Worn out by previous marches, the men's boots simply fell to pieces, but both officers and men continued to march barefooted. Those who were unable to stand the pace dropped out and were taken in the baggage carts. Suvorov ordered the men to discard the wigs and artificial locks introduced by the Emperor, and the soldiers delighted in exposing their bare heads to the southern sun. The Austrians were expected to proceed in the same marching order as the Russians, but they proved incapable of doing this. Suvorov was displeased with them, as it was evident that they would not be able to stand the hardships of this stern campaign.

In the beginning of April the troops reached Verona without meeting any resistance. Here Suvorov performed the ceremony of taking over supreme command of the army. He himself stood at attention, with eyes closed, while General Rosenberg formally introduced to him all the Russian and several Austrian commanders. At every unfamiliar name Suvorov muttered: "Never heard it, God, I've never heard it. . . . Well, we'll get to know each other." This greatly offended Paul's protégés, who imagined that they were the principal heroes of the campaign. When, however, an officer of known fighting merits was introduced to him, Suvorov greeted him cordially, chatted with him for a moment or two and recalled the battles they had fought together. He was particularly kind to young Miloradovich, whom he had known as a child, and he heartily embraced Prince Bagration.

After Rosenberg had finished reading all the names, the brilliant throng of Russian and Austrian generals waited expectantly to hear what the new Commander-in-Chief would say. Suvorov paced up and down for a while, then, to their amazement, he began to mutter to himself, as if nobody else were present, a series of disjointed words and phrases: "Subordination," "Exercise," "Marching pace, one arshin; approaching the enemy, one and a half," "The head does not wait for the tail," "Strike suddenly, like a thunderbolt," "Shoot rarely; take deliberate aim. Aim at his middle," "Thrust hard with the bayonet," "We have come here to beat the godless, frivolous French. They fight in columns, we shall beat them in columns," "Don't offend civilians," "When asked for quarter, give it." Having run through all his maxims in this way, he issued the order for the army to take the field. Half an hour later the vanguard under the command of General Bagration marched out of Verona.

The military situation at that time was as follows. General Schérer with an army of 25,000 men was retreating under difficult conditions in order to join the forces of General Macdonald, leaving strong garrisons in several fortresses, including the first-class fortress of Mantua. Suvorov's plan of operations, which he explained to General Melas, was vigorously to press

on the French armies, leaving screens against the fortresses. Melas obediently submitted to the plan, although in doing so he remarked skeptically: "I know that you are General Forward." "Oh, no, Papa Melas," retorted Suvorov. "'Forward' is my motto, but sometimes I also look back."

After leaving detachments for besieging the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, and despatching several units for diversion purposes and also to threaten the French flanks, Suvorov, at the head of his main forces numbering 29,000 Austrians and 11,000 Russians, marched into the heart of Italy to Milan. The French hastily retreated, abandoning part of their artillery and wrecking the roads. In the fortresses in their rear they left small garrisons. The first of these was Brescia, which was held by 1,260 Frenchmen. Realizing the moral importance of the first engagement, Suvorov detailed 15,000 men to storm this fortress, but the Commandant, realizing that resistance was useless, surrendered.

The advance was continued with unslackening speed. Unaccustomed to this pace, the Austrians dropped out by the hundred, cursing their fate and the Russian Commander. After crossing a river in a downpour of rain, the whole Austrian army began to murmur and Melas himself expressed his displeasure. But Suvorov would not yield. He sent Melas a letter stating: "Complaints have reached me to the effect that the infantry have wet their feet," and he went on to say: "Whoever is in bad health can stay behind. . . . *Raisonneurs* are no good to any army." The Austrian clamour subsided, but after this incident Suvorov realized that he would have to wage a fight on two fronts—against the French and against his allies.

On April 25 the allied troops approached the river Adda, an important natural obstacle on the road to Milan, and Suvorov realized that the French intended to defend it. The battle he had been longing for was about to commence.

Notwithstanding the relatively small forces at his command, General Schérer resolved to take advantage of the width of the river and the steepness of its banks to hold up his foe until reinforcements arrived, but he was unable to organize the defence. The French forces, strung out for a length of one hundred kilometres, stood in an extremely thin line and at no point were they able to offer serious resistance. Unlike the French, who usually tried to outflank and envelop the enemy forces, Suvorov rarely resorted to these tactics. This was largely due to the fact that his forces had always been outnumbered by the enemy, and under those circumstances the proper tactics were to attempt to pierce the enemy's lines. At Adda, however, Suvorov's troops outnumbered the French. On ascertaining how long the French line was strung out, he remained true to his tactics and decided to break through Schérer's positions. He decided to cross the river at San Gervasio and gave the order to build a bridge here. To deceive the French and prevent them from shortening their front he ordered two other bridges to be built, one at Lodi and the other at Lecco, 50 kilometres apart. The building of the bridge at San Gervasio proceeded slowly under pouring rain. Suvorov, throwing off his cloak and hat and rolling up his sleeves, took his place among the bridge builders. Thus encouraged, the men soon had the bridge complete. The crossing, however, had to be postponed, for Bagration's unit, which had

commenced operations at Lecco, unexpectedly encountered a strong force of Frenchmen and found itself in difficulties. After a stubborn battle, the French were repulsed, and the fact that Schérer despatched part of his reserves to Lecco still further weakened his centre at San Gervasio.

The crossing began at 5 a.m. next day. While it was proceeding, Suvorov received information that Schérer had been dismissed and that General Moreau, who, though only 35 years of age, was already famous as one of the most talented generals of his day, had been appointed in his place. Suvorov smiled on receiving the news. "There would have been little glory in defeating a charlatan," he exclaimed. "The laurels that we shall capture from Moreau will remain green and flourish much longer."

General Moreau immediately set to work to concentrate his scattered forces, but it was already too late. The French needed a whole day to regroup their forces, but Suvorov did not give them the time. A Cossack Hundred under the command of the Don Ataman Denisov rapidly crossed the river and ensured the safe deployment of the infantry. The French fought bravely, but suddenly they heard the roar of cannon in their rear and they fled. Suvorov was seen on every important part of the battlefield and his presence greatly roused the spirit of the troops, even of the Austrians. The French lost about 2,500 men in killed and wounded and 5,000 prisoners. The Allies lost about 2,000 men. The road to Milan was open.

Suvorov treated the prisoners with his usual kindness. Two hundred and fifty officers were released on parole. To General Sérurier, who was also taken prisoner, Suvorov returned his sword with the sly remark that he could not deprive of his sword one who had so skilfully wielded it. Sérurier bristled up at this and tried to prove to Suvorov how hazardous were his methods of attack. The Field Marshal heaved a deep sigh and said: "That can't be helped. That's a way we Russians have in fighting: if we can't hack our way through with the bayonet, we'll break our way through with our fists. And I am one of the best at that game."

On April 29 the allied armies triumphantly entered Milan*. Both the Russian and the Austrian troops were generously rewarded. To celebrate the victory a parade was held in the public square of Milan during which Melas, intoxicated with elation, bent over to embrace Suvorov, but to everybody's amusement he lost his balance and fell from his horse. The only one who seemed dissatisfied was Suvorov. He regarded the crossing of the Adda with a force twice the size of the enemy's as a victory not very much to boast of, and the heavy losses testified to the enemy's skill. The main thing, however, was that advantage was not taken of the victory. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he failed to pursue a beaten enemy and allowed him to recuperate after his defeat. The reason for this was that the Russian troops at his disposal were still inadequate, while the Austrians had not yet recovered from the effects of the recent fighting. They were not so hardened as the Russians. "I barely had time to train my men," he wrote regretfully to Razumovsky, the Russian ambassador in Vienna. He realized that the Battle of Adda was more of moral than of strategical importance.

* All dates hitherto have been given in Old Style. Henceforth, all dates referring to Suvorov's activities abroad will be given in New Style.

Thus, to sum up the first stage of this campaign, in the course of ten days Suvorov advanced 100 kilometres, won a battle and conquered Lombardy. The plan of the Hofkriegsrat to reach the Adda was more than fulfilled. But Suvorov regarded this not as the end but only as the beginning of the campaign. He longed to march to Paris, and this would be possible only after he had defeated the French armies in Italy. Before him were the hastily retreating forces of Moreau; Macdonald's army of 40,000 men was approaching from Central Italy; there were still a number of strong French fortresses in his rear. The question was, which to tackle first? The Hofkriegsrat was persistently demanding the capture of the fortresses. Suvorov, however, was eager to get at the enemy's main forces, but to rid himself of the importunities of the Hofkriegsrat he detailed more than half his force for the purpose of conducting siege operations.

After a two days' stay at Milan, Suvorov started out with an army of 36,000 men. Half of this army consisted of Russian divisions which had arrived late, partly owing to their delayed departure from Russia, and partly owing to the inefficiency of the Austrian Staff. He moved in the direction of Turin, the capital of Piedmont, with the intention of cutting off Moreau from reinforcements likely to arrive from Switzerland and Savoy, and of raising rebellions throughout Piedmont and thus securing a base for an attack upon Riviera. Moreover, the capture of Turin would put him in possession of large military stores.

The march to Turin was extremely trying. The sun was unmercifully hot; the men marched in clouds of dust, the perspiration pouring from them, and suffering greatly from thirst. Suvorov galloped to the head of each column, stopping to allow it to pass him and cheerfully greeting each company as it passed. He ordered the officers at the head of each company to repeat the twelve French words which every soldier was obliged to learn. To hear the words the men were obliged to keep close at the heels of their officers. In this way he kept the men's minds diverted from the hardships of the march and helped them to keep up the pace.

Yielding to the insistence of the Hofkriegsrat, Suvorov suspended offensive operations until the arrival of reinforcements and spent several weeks in Turin. While there he issued an order stating that if any inhabitant complained of ill-treatment by the troops "the senior officer of the regiment or battalion shall order the complainant to be compensated in full, and if adequate funds are not available, to make up the amount out of his own pocket. Marauders are to be severely flogged. . . ." Suvorov was well aware how hard it was for soldiers living on a meagre ration to refrain from looting in such a land of abundance as this country seemed to be, but he stood fast to his rules. In this he was prompted largely by the desire to guard the honour of his country. He often said: "I am proud to be a Russian," and was jealous of the reputation of the Russian soldier.

At last reinforcements arrived in the shape of an Austrian corps of 8,000 men under the command of General Bellegarde. Suvorov handed the latter his orders which commenced with the words: "Action is the soldier's highest virtue." He ordered General Bagration to train these men and to "introduce them into the mystery of vanquishing the enemy by means of cold steel." The time for new operations commenced.

Leaving a detachment of 15,000 men to operate against Moreau, Suvorov hastened to meet Macdonald, who was advancing to relieve Mantua, which was then being besieged. He ordered General Kray, who was in command of the forces besieging Mantua, to leave a small detachment at that place and to hasten to join him with the rest of his forces. In reply General Kray sent him a copy of the order he had received from the Hofkriegsrat prohibiting him from moving even one man from Mantua. This came like a thunderbolt to Suvorov. Although the total allied forces outnumbered those of Macdonald, he, at the crucial moment, was outnumbered by the latter. Commenting on this situation Clausewitz stated: "Suvorov's resolute plan, which cannot be sufficiently admired, encountered a rock which he could not have foreseen."

The Field Marshal ground his teeth with rage on reading General Kray's reply, but it was now too late to argue about it. Macdonald, after a brilliant march in which he covered 230 kilometres in a week, crossing the mountains and fighting an engagement, hurled himself upon the Austrians, pressed them back and marched to join Moreau at Tortona. All Suvorov's achievements hung in the balance, but Suvorov was not dismayed. At 10 p.m. on June 15, he marched out of Alessandria. His troops were weary from a forced march they had just performed from Turin, covering 50 kilometres a day, over a muddy road, and for which the Field Marshal had thanked them in a special order, but now they were obliged to march at a no less rapid pace. On the morning of the 17th his main forces reached Stradella, where they bivouacked. Suddenly a courier galloped into the camp on a foam-flecked horse to report that Macdonald had attacked the Austrian corps under General Ott and that the latter was being hard pressed. It appeared that on learning of Suvorov's advance, Macdonald decided to destroy the allied vanguard before his arrival. If he succeeded in this the entire army would be thrown into confusion. Urgent measures were necessary to prevent this. Suvorov ordered General Melas to advance with a force of 3,000 men, and he himself followed several hours later with the rest of his troops.

Weary from the heavy marching of the past week, the soldiers could hardly drag their feet along. The scorching sun parched the earth. The men longed for water, for a moment's rest. The army's track was lined with numerous stragglers. But Suvorov was conscious of only one thing—it was necessary to make haste. Always cheerful himself, he, accompanied by his orderly, rode between the columns pleading, demanding, urging the men on—"Faster! Faster!" Here, indeed, his theory that nothing is impossible for the soldier was put to the test, and it came out with flying colours. The soldiers did not walk, they ran, as if possessed. Those who were unable to stand this mad pace under the scorching sun dropped out of the ranks, lay down to rest by the wayside, and after recovering somewhat, ran on to overtake their unit. Commenting on this unprecedented march certain foreign writers stated at the time that "the tactical order maintained was scarcely deserving of praise," but that shows how little they understood the spirit that inspired these men.

Another courier arrived with a report that General Ott's troops were barely holding on at San Giovanni. They were indeed being very hard pressed and deserved credit for having put up such a stubborn resistance



V. THE RETURN FROM EXILE TO ST. PETERSBURG



VI. THE BATTLE OF TREBBIA

against superior French forces, but Clausewitz, commenting on this action, stated that "the Austrians held on out of fear of Suvorov. Thus, already at that moment Suvorov's genius was beginning to influence the battle."

Suvorov adopted a new decision. Accompanied by Bagrattion, he galloped forward at the head of four regiments of Cossacks and two regiments of Austrian Dragoons. At about 4 p.m. a Polish corps sent out by Macdonald under the command of Dombrowski succeeded in outflanking the Austrians, but at this critical juncture Suvorov appeared on the scene. One glance over the battlefield was sufficient to enable him to size up the situation. He ordered two cavalry regiments to attack the Poles and two others to attack the other French flank with the object of holding up the enemy and of playing for time until the infantry arrived. This object was achieved. An hour later groups of Russian forces began to arrive. Suvorov ordered Bagrattion to lead them into the attack forthwith. The latter begged Suvorov to wait at least for another hour, pointing out that barely forty men to a company had yet arrived. "But Macdonald has less than twenty," answered Suvorov drily. "Attack, and God be with you!"

Bagrattion commenced the attack, in which the rest of the Russian soldiers joined as they came up. The enemy forces outnumbered the Russians—19,000 against 12,000 to 15,000. Nevertheless by 9 p.m. Macdonald was thrown back seven kilometres to the river Trebbia. The battle subsided.

By his amazing march of 80 kilometres in 36 hours and his immediate engagement with Macdonald, Suvorov foiled the latter's plans. Nevertheless, the French commander decided to accept battle next morning in the expectation that Moreau would approach the river in order to join him and that the allied army would thus be caught between two fires. He learned, however, that Olivier and Montrichard were on the way with reinforcements and were expected to arrive next day. He decided to wait for them and then launch an attack. Suvorov, however, forestalled him. He himself launched an attack on Macdonald on the 18th, with the object of piercing the French left flank which, he realized in a flash, was the decisive sector of the enemy's position. Crushing this flank, Suvorov pressed the French to the river Po and cut them off from Moreau. Here too, Suvorov set out to annihilate Macdonald's army, notwithstanding its numerical superiority.

We know that on taking over command Suvorov stated that he would "beat the French in columns." This was the formation he adopted now. His force moved in a deep echelon. Bagrattion's vanguard came first, next came the units commanded by Generals Foster and Shveikovsky, the cavalry unit commanded by General Lobkovich followed and the division commanded by Freulich made up the rear. Suvorov's battle orders ended with the words: "Don't command 'Halt!' This is not an exercise, but a battle. 'Attack! Hack, Hurrah, Drums, Music!'" Another characteristic point in these battle orders is the following: "If the enemy surrenders, give him quarter; only demand that he should lay down his arms"; and this was on the eve of a desperate battle with a brave foe whose forces far outnumbered his own.

Combining, as was his habit, daring in design with caution in execution, Suvorov sent out a detachment to occupy Bobbio to prevent the enemy from moving northward along the river. This was a typical example of

Suvorov's foresight, for he had received no definite information of the intention of the French to move in this direction. The attack was opened by the Cossacks who, pouring down upon the enemy like an avalanche, cut down 600 of his men and forced him to retreat. Newly arrived enemy forces, however, continued to hold the line. Moreover, the French were assisted by the nature of the terrain, which hindered offensive operations. The only open space was that afforded by the course of the river which was then so shallow that the water only reached the men's ankles. Here many hot engagements were fought.

Suddenly, at midday, the reinforcements arrived which Macdonald had been expecting only on the following day. The French now outnumbered the Russians by about 3 to 2. They concentrated on their left flank 16 battalions against 11 Russian, but Bagration dislodged them from their positions and compelled them to retire. Had the allied reserves arrived at that moment the enemy would have been defeated. But Melas, who had engaged the enemy only at 5 p.m., detained Freulich's reserve division, with the result that although by the end of the day the French had been compelled to retreat all along the line, they still retained their fighting capacity. Commenting on this situation Clausewitz stated: "Melas, being old and timid, always regarded the point he himself held as the one that was most threatened." Suvorov left his battle orders unchanged. The ambiguity of his position prevented him from dismissing Melas, and so he confined himself to repeating his demand for the immediate transfer of the reserve division.

Next day Macdonald launched an attack and endeavoured to outflank the Allies in the expectation that Moreau would appear in their rear at any moment. Skilfully distributing his forces, he secured numerical preponderance at all points. His troops were divided into two groups: a northern group consisting of 14,000 men, whose task was to crush the Austrians at San Nicolo, and a southern group consisting of 22,000 men who were to crush the Russians at Casalecchio. Bagration launched a swift attack at Dombrowski's corps, which was trying to outflank the Russian right wing, and scattered it. Suffering three defeats in succession, the Poles were so demoralized that they retreated beyond the river and took no further part in the engagement.

While Bagration's troops were fighting the Poles, the French divisions, under the command of Victor and Rusca, dashed through the breach formed in the Russian dispositions, and, taking advantage of their superiority of 4 to 1, began to press back the Russian regiments. Surrounded though they were, but not knowing the word "retreat," the Russian soldiers fought desperately. The rear rank of a Grenadier regiment turned right about face so that the regiment fired in all directions. The French could not shift it. It stood fast, and in the end broke through the ring. The Russian troops slowly retreated, but now and again, inspired by the example of some of their more daring comrades they hurled themselves upon the enemy with their bayonets. In this whirlwind of fury and self-sacrificing courage it was difficult to tell which side was retreating and which pursuing.

The French proved to be worthy foes. Betraying utter contempt for death, they hurled themselves into the attack again and again, advancing step by step. General Rosenberg, the commander of the allied right flank, sent a message to Suvorov stating that further resistance was impossible. Suvorov

pointed to a huge boulder against which he was resting and said to the orderly who had brought the message: "Try and move this. You cannot? It is impossible? Well, so is retreat impossible." The return of Bagration's units slightly relieved the situation, but the forces were too unequally matched. Bagration himself galloped up to Suvorov and urged the necessity of retreat. "Too bad, Prince Peter," answered Suvorov quietly. Rising, he called for his horse and galloped to the right flank. On the way he encountered a crowd of soldiers who, while holding the enemy back with their musket fire, were nevertheless retreating in disorder. Springing from his horse he mingled with them as they ran. "Faster! Faster!" he shouted. "Lead them on! Double quick march!" After running awhile he stopped suddenly and shouted with all his might: "Halt!" The men halted near a bush where a battery was concealed. The French troops pressing behind were met by a hail of grapeshot. In the same instant Suvorov drew his sword and ordered his men to charge. A battalion of Chasseurs and a regiment of Cossacks had halted at some little distance to take a breather; he ordered them to support the attack. So impetuous was the attack that the French imagined that these were fresh troops, not dreaming that these were the troops which had just been retreating before them. Suvorov galloped along the line under a hail of bullets, cheering his men, and his secretary, Fuchs, observed with amazement that it was enough for his white shirt to be seen at any point for the Russian soldiers to begin to press back the enemy. General Derfelden who was riding by Fuchs' side, remarked with a smile: "I have seen this picture more than once before. This old man is like a living talisman. It is sufficient for him to appear among the troops for victory to be assured." There was nothing strange or mysterious about this. It was due to Suvorov's wonderful qualities as a military leader, to his ability to size up a situation at a glance, determine the enemy's weak spot and strike at it. The French attack was broken by the staunch and skilful resistance of the Russians. One of the best French units, the Fifth Half-Brigade, which had distinguished itself in a hundred battles, fled in panic. It is interesting to note that Melas again failed to understand the situation and used only half his reserves, keeping the other half inactive the whole day.

At nightfall the two armies occupied their original positions. At this moment it was reported to Suvorov that Moreau's outposts had appeared in the rear of the Russian army. This created the danger of encirclement, but nothing daunted, the Commander-in-Chief decided to hold his ground, resume the engagement next day, and after defeating Macdonald, to hurl the whole weight of his forces against Moreau. Clausewitz comments on this decision as follows: "No words can fully express our admiration of Suvorov's decision to defeat Macdonald, ignoring the threat on the part of Moreau. The victory over Macdonald was simultaneously a strategic victory over Moreau." Indeed, difficult as it is to keep to a given plan in the course of an operation, it is still more difficult to adopt new decisions when the situation unexpectedly changes. But Suvorov was a past master in this art. In taking this decision he was guided by his own rule: Defeat the enemy forces piecemeal, striking first at the most dangerous part.

Macdonald's troops were already beaten, however. At a Council of War he called it was revealed that they had sustained extremely heavy losses.

The regiments were disorganized and the artillery were short of shells. True, the allied troops had also suffered heavily, but they were filled with the iron determination that guided their aged Field Marshal.

At midnight, failing to receive information about Moreau's movements, Macdonald began to retreat, leaving his bivouac fires burning on the river-bank to deceive the Russians. At 5 a.m. next day a Cossack patrol reported to Suvorov that the enemy had gone. He immediately gave the order to his troops to go in pursuit. Victor's division, which formed the French rear-guard, was attacked and defeated, and the famous 17th Half-Brigade, the pride of the French army, was captured in its entirety. Macdonald's troops retreated to Tuscany. Although keeping their pursuers at bay, they no longer represented a serious military force. In the course of three days' fighting they lost over 6,000 men, and during the retreat they lost another 12,000 including four generals and 502 officers. According to Suvorov's report to the Russian Emperor, the Russians lost 680 killed and 2,000 wounded. Thus ended the Battle of Trebbia.

Even foreign historians who were inclined to look for flaws in Suvorov's operations with a microscope could not help expressing their admiration of his conduct in this battle. Clausewitz writes concerning it: "In conclusion, we must pay very serious attention to the influence the spirit of Suvorov exercised on the events of the day. At those points where he appeared the Allies achieved decisive victory even when they did not outnumber the enemy. On the other hand, Melas always suffered from weakness, and this weakness would have been more marked had it not been for the proximity of Suvorov." The appraisal of this high and impartial authority is fully in accord with that of the French themselves. As Moreau expressed it, the march to Trebbia was the "pinnacle of the art of war." Macdonald was of the same opinion. At a reception in the Tuileries held in 1807, he drew the Russian ambassador's attention to the crowd hovering around Napoleon and muttered: "This mob would not see the Tuileries much longer if you had another Suvorov."

Though totally ignorant of the art of war, the Emperor Paul sent Suvorov a portrait of himself in a diamond-studded frame, and also a most gracious rescript. The Austrians were displeased and regarded Suvorov with envy and hatred. The Austrian Emperor sent Suvorov an ambiguous rescript attributing his victories mainly to "the good fortune you so often enjoy." This touched the aged Field Marshal to the quick. In a letter to the Russian ambassador in Vienna he wrote with withering sarcasm: "Good fortune, says the Roman Emperor. . . . A jackass in the army also talked to me about blind fortune!" On another occasion he observed: "It is bad to lack good fortune, but it is a misfortune to lack talent."

"The fortune of war is on the side of the soldier of talent." Such was the philosophy of this great Russian military leader.

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After allowing his main forces to pursue the French for a distance of thirty kilometres, Suvorov called a halt to give them a day's rest. Leaving General Ott to continue the pursuit, he himself turned back to attack Moreau. The latter, however, hesitated to accept battle and retreated to the Riviera.

Suvorov made preparations for an advance on the Riviera with the intention of advancing from there to Paris, but at this juncture he received an order from the Austrian Emperor "completely to abandon all distant and hazardous undertakings." This was followed by another order, "without further delay to commence and finish the siege of Mantua." All Suvorov's plans of turning the victory of Trebbia to strategical advantage were thus dashed to the ground. Suvorov was exasperated. These detestable Austrians were tying him hand and foot and he was obliged to waste precious time in useless altercation.

The French took full advantage of Suvorov's enforced idleness. Macdonald reached Genoa and there joined Moreau. Reinforcements arrived from France and with them a new Commander-in-Chief, the young and dashing soldier Joubert. Popular among his men, Bonaparte had described him as "a man with the courage of a Grenadier and the ability of a great General." Joubert left France for Italy straight from the altar, telling his bride that he would return either a victor or a corpse. Moreau transferred to him his command and, suppressing his wounded pride, offered his services as his adviser. Joubert, an old friend of Moreau's, readily accepted his offer of collaboration.

Although the French army numbered only 45,000 men, Joubert decided to pass to the offensive with the immediate objective of relieving Mantua, of whose capitulation he had not yet heard. He started out on the march just when Suvorov was making frenzied efforts to break down the obduracy of the Austrians and to get them to agree to an advance on the Riviera. The move of the French was the sword which cut the Gordian knot of these humiliating negotiations.

Suvorov ordered his vanguard not to hinder the enemy's advance. His object was to entice the French from the mountains to the plains and there wipe them out with his numerous cavalry and artillery. On August 2, 1799, he issued an order stating: "Outposts . . . must endeavour to obtain correct information about the enemy . . . retire before superior forces as no reinforcements are to be expected. Our object is to entice the enemy into the plains." This order is deserving of particular attention as the manoeuvre he contemplated was scarcely ever practised in his days. Not trusting unconfirmed reports, he skilfully disposed his troops in such a way as to be able to move them to any point at which Joubert's army might appear.

By August 14 the opposing sides had drawn so near to each other that a collision became imminent. The French forces mustered here numbered 35,000 men, those of the Allies from 45,000 to 50,000. For the third and last time in his life Suvorov had the weight of numbers on his side. He could not forego a psychological manoeuvre that was extremely characteristic of his methods. Intuitively realizing that Joubert would not retreat under any circumstances for fear of dampening the spirits of his men and shaking their confidence in himself, Suvorov lined up his own troops in the plain at Novi in such a way that the French could count them almost to a man. The effect of this was precisely what he had expected. Realizing that the allied forces far outnumbered his own Joubert, who up to now had been confident of success, lost heart. He called a Council of War, and nearly all his generals advised a return to Genoa. The French Commander-in-Chief was nonplussed. In the first place, a retreat would mean disgrace, and sec-

only, a retreat in face of a powerful enemy was a risky business. He put off his decision to next morning, but at dawn he received reports that the Allies had launched an attack.

The orders Suvorov issued for the Battle of Novi have not been preserved and military experts disagree as to the nature of the Field Marshal's plans. The majority are of the opinion that he intended to direct his main drive at the French left flank. Others, however, believe that his attack on the left flank was only in the nature of a diversion. It was difficult to foresee how the French would act. Their positions, concealed from Suvorov, were situated in territory intersected by ravines and vineyards, and were very convenient for defence. Clausewitz writes: "The positions at Novi may, in frontal aspect, be regarded as the strongest for fighting with large concentrated masses." Suvorov himself described them in similar terms. In his despatches he wrote: "Thus, for sixteen hours we fought a most stubborn and sanguinary battle in positions, which, for the advantage they presented to the enemy, were unique in history."

Knowing Joubert's impetuous nature, Suvorov had counted on him continuing to pursue the Allies in the plains, but an unforeseen circumstance upset the plans of this expert in military psychology. At the very first shots Joubert galloped to the front line and as he surveyed the scene of attack a stray bullet struck him. He managed to gasp: "Attack! Always attack!" and then expired. His death was concealed from his soldiers. The command was taken over by General Moreau, who, reinforcing his left wing, repulsed the Austrian attack, but categorically ordered his men not to go in pursuit. Observing this, Suvorov remarked admiringly of his opponent: "Moreau understands me, an old man, and I am glad that I have to deal with so shrewd a military leader."

Suvorov now definitely decided on his plan of action. He would endeavour to divert as large enemy forces as possible from the centre to the left flank and, taking advantage of this, capture Novi and thus break through the centre. The attack on Novi was entrusted to the Russian troops under the command of Bagration and Miloradovich. Bagration was familiar with the locality, as he had been stationed here twice before. Taking advantage of every bit of cover, and ignoring the hot enemy fire, he led his troops to the town, but thanks to the strong walls which withstood the shells of the light Russian artillery, the attack was checked. Bagration then moved to outflank the town on the west, but here he was met with a hail of grapeshot fired point blank, followed by a French counter-attack. The Russian battalions were thrown into confusion and had to be withdrawn under cover of the Cossacks. A second attack was launched, but this too was repulsed.

Suvorov sent Bagration reinforcement in the shape of General Derfelden's division, which had arrived with extraordinary speed, and ordered him to launch a third attack. The heat was intense; even the slightly wounded died from exhaustion, but the Russian soldiers rushed into the fray with a fury that knew no bounds. As Suvorov subsequently reported: "The men, as if blinded by the frenzy of courage, charged under the deadly fire of the guns, seeming not to notice the superior position of the enemy. They showed contempt for inevitable death, and it was impossible to restrain them." This was the most stubborn battle he had ever fought. Even

at Trebbia neither side had displayed the ferocity and stubbornness that both displayed here. Cardane, the commander of the Novi garrison, set a splendid example of active defence, alternating withering fire with short sharp sorties. The republican troops fought with amazing courage. Moreau was to be seen at every point where the fighting was hottest. His horse was shot under him, and a bullet passed through his coat.

Suvorov too was in the line of fire all the time, with death constantly hovering around his hoary head. He led every column into battle, directed its blow, and then galloped to the battalions which were retreating from the impregnable walls of Novi, urging them to return to the attack. "Turn back, lads, give it to 'em hot!" he shouted. And at the sound of his voice his weary men, their lips cracked with thirst and heat, their faces streaming with sweat and blood, immediately rallied and charged at the walls of Novi again and again. "Don't stop! Faster! Bayonet 'em! Use your butts! Swing 'em! Bash their heads!" shouted Suvorov in a frenzy, urging his men on. He himself presented a frightful picture. It was not that he feared defeat, but he regarded this unprecedented reverse suffered by his "wonderful heroes" fighting under his personal leadership as an insult, almost a disgrace. His face was distorted, he tore his clothes and rolled on the ground shouting that he would not survive this day. Officers who galloped up with reports, seeing him in this state, galloped back to the units as hard as they could ride shouting in a frenzy: "Forward! Attack! Win the day!" thus carrying the frenzy of their Commander-in-Chief to the entire army.

The third attack was also repulsed. The Russian soldiers entertained mixed feelings of chagrin and admiration for their foes. A little after midday the battle subsided all along the line. Tortured by thirst and utterly exhausted, the men sought for shelter in which to hide from the burning rays of the sun. Suvorov, sitting in a tent that had been put up for him, mentally reviewed the nine hours' fighting and considered the means of bringing the battle to a successful issue. The courage of the French and the superiority of their position had enabled them to repulse all attacks, but the latter phase of the battle had shown that Moreau had thrown all his forces into the fray. Suvorov, however, still had large reserves in the shape of the units commanded by Generals Melas and Rosenberg. He had been saving them for the decisive moment in order to turn the scales of the battle in his favour. This decisive moment had now arrived. He ordered General Melas to attack the French right wing.

At 4 p.m. the allied forces, numbering 46,000 men, launched a simultaneous assault along the whole line. This time the French were far outnumbered. General Melas was the first to gain success over the enfeebled French flank and began to press to the rear of Novi. Galloping up with his forces, General St. Cyr made heroic efforts to check the Austrians, but this could only facilitate the retreat of the French army. The forces of Bagrattion and Derfelden at last fought their way into Novi. At 6 p.m. the French began to retreat, but it was already too late. The effect of the blunder Moreau had committed in failing to withdraw his troops during the lull that had occurred in the earlier part of the day now made itself felt. The French could no longer retreat in good order. Their left wing retired to the village of Pasturana, but the Russian troops were already advancing against it from Novi.

The retreating soldiers were jammed in the narrow streets of the village. At this moment a small Austrian unit ascended a hill in the vicinity and opened rapid fire on the close-packed ranks of the French. This served as a signal for a general stampede. Everybody ran to save himself as best he could. General Grouchy tried to offer resistance with the aid of one battalion, but was at once taken prisoner. Only St. Cyr's units retired in anything resembling order. The rest of the French troops fled, abandoning their arms and taking cover in the scrub and deep ravines. The oncoming darkness saved the fugitives from utter annihilation.

Ordering General Rosenberg's corps to go in pursuit of the retreating French, Suvorov gave his weary men a rest. The allied forces had captured all the enemy's artillery, a large part of his baggage and four standards. In this battle the French lost 6,500 men; 4,500 were taken prisoner during the retreat and large numbers were scattered in the neighbourhood. The French army was reduced to nearly half its former strength. The Russian casualties amounted to 350 killed and 1,480 wounded, and the Austrian casualties to 900 killed and 3,200 wounded. Many years later Moreau was asked to express an opinion on Suvorov's conduct at the Battle of Novi. Moreau answered: "What can I say about a General possessed of superhuman determination and who would rather die himself and sacrifice his army to the last man than retreat a single step?"

Suvorov had won Italy from the French, and now the presence of the Russian army in Italy was an obvious hindrance to the Austrians. They wanted a clear field to be free to treat the Italian people as they thought fit. This gave rise to the plan to transfer Suvorov to Switzerland. The Austrian army of 60,000 men, under the command of the Archduke Charles, was accordingly transferred to the Rhine, where only small French forces were operating, while Suvorov was to join the Russian force of 27,000 under the command of General Rimski-Korsakov, then in Switzerland, to oppose the army of 80,000 men under General Masséna who had already given the Austrians a good drubbing. The Austrians obtained the Russian Emperor's consent to this plan without great difficulty, but foreseeing that Suvorov would not readily agree to it, determined to present him with a *fait accompli*. The Hofkriegsrat simply informed him of the new distribution of forces and urged him to make haste as the Archduke had already begun to withdraw his troops from Switzerland.

Suvorov had no alternative but to submit. True, the Archduke had temporarily left in Switzerland a force of 20,000 men under the command of General Hotze, but even then Masséna's force outnumbered the allied forces by two to one. Aware of the energy with which the French acted, Suvorov had no doubt that the French Commander-in-Chief would hasten to take advantage of the situation. Suvorov wrote at the time: "Although I fear nothing on earth, nevertheless, I must say that my troops here can do little to save them from the danger of Masséna, besides which it is too late." Very reluctantly he ordered his troops to start out on the march; he had to hasten to the assistance of Rimski-Korsakov. As Engels wrote: "In September . . . came Suvorov's march during which, to use the vivid and forceful expression of that old soldier, 'the Russian bayonet broke through the Alps.'"

CHAPTER X

The Swiss Campaign



THE history of war had not known a more dramatic episode than Suvorov's march across the Alps. Everything combined to make it tragic: frightful cold, impassable mountains and treacherous, bottomless chasms, an energetic and far more numerous foe, shortage of clothing, supplies and ammunition, unfamiliar, mountainous terrain and, lastly, the treacherous policy pursued by Austria. In spite of all this, Suvorov's force did not perish, but broke through the ring of enemies that constantly harassed it. The aged General shared all the hardships of his men, and the spirit and endurance the latter displayed amidst these conditions roused the admiration of the whole of Europe. Subsequently, Masséna, one of Napoleon's favourite Marshals and the commander of the forces opposed to the Russians in Switzerland, stated that he would have been glad to have given all his victories for a march of the kind Suvorov's troops performed across the Alps.

The campaign which Suvorov was called upon to direct was not in any way called for by the strategical situation, and, moreover, the Russian troops were not prepared for it. But when all his efforts to get out of it failed, Suvorov hastily proceeded to draw up his plans. The corps under the command of Rimski-Korsakov occupied a position in front of Zurich along the river Limmat. Hotze's corps was lined up along the river Linth and near the Walensee. In Sargans and further along to Disentis stood the Austrian army commanded by Generals Jellachich and Linken. As Suvorov bitterly complained in his despatch to the Emperor Paul, "on the approach of the new Russian corps, the Archduke, although having one-third more troops than the latter, left all the positions to it (the Russian corps) and coolly departed, never to return." As a result of the Archduke's withdrawal the allied forces numbered no more than 45,000 men, little over half the strength of the French army, but the expected arrival of Suvorov with 20,000 Russian soldiers was, to some degree, to have equalized the opposing forces, and the quality of these men and the fame of their leader created chances for a successful struggle.

There were several routes Suvorov might have taken in his march from Italy to Switzerland. Starting from Taverne he might have come

down into the valley of the upper Rhine to join Linken, and then march through Chur and Sargans to join Jellachich and Hotze. The distance from the starting point, Taverne, to the point of junction with Hotze was 170 kilometres. The other route ran through the St. Gothard Pass into the valley of the Reuss to Altdorf and thence to Schwyz to join Rimski-Korsakov, and to Glarus to join Hotze. The advantage of this route lay in that the distance from Taverne to Schwyz was only 135 kilometres and, above all, by capturing Schwyz, Suvorov would emerge on the flank and rear of Masséna's main forces. True, the roundabout way to Chur was easier, and smaller forces of the enemy were likely to be met with, but Suvorov feared that while on this longer march Masséna would crush the forces of Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze. Moreover, the second route was more suited to his energetic spirit and military talent. In a letter to Hotze he wrote: "The correct rule of the art of war is to make a direct attack on the enemy's most vulnerable side and not timidly to go a roundabout way. The latter only complicates the attack, whereas a straight and bold assault leads to success." Suvorov could not clearly picture to himself the difficulties of the route because he had never been in these regions before, but his confidence in the Russian soldiers was boundless. He was convinced that they would overcome all obstacles and once again perform the impossible.

The difficulties of the march were aggravated by the conduct of the Austrians. Suvorov, being unfamiliar with the conditions of the new theatre of war, sent his plan to Hotze for consultation and requested that several officers of the Austrian General Staff familiar with the terrain be attached to his own Staff. Nine officers arrived, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Weyrother, and putting on the airs of strategical experts proceeded to take everything into their hands. Hotze's reply arrived after Suvorov had already started out on the march. In the main he agreed with Suvorov's plan, but suggested certain modifications as, for example, that the junction should take place not at Glarus but at Einsiedeln and Schwyz, where he intended to move his own troops in addition to 5,000 men from Rimski-Korsakov's corps and the forces commanded by Linken and Jellachich. Relying on Hotze's knowledge of Switzerland, Suvorov accepted his suggestions and instructed Weyrother to draw up the final plan.

The new plan greatly increased the difficulties of the march. The timely junction of the different columns marching separately from widely separated points was hindered by the conditions of the terrain. Moreover, it seemed to make no allowances for the activities of the strong enemy forces who would be able to keep the Russians in sight all the way. In drawing his entire force into the operation Suvorov ran the risk of a partial defeat developing into a general defeat in the event of the operation proving a failure. But the plan he adopted was most effective for the purpose of averting the danger that threatened Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze, for if this were not done the Allies would have been compelled to withdraw from Switzerland without a fight, and this went entirely against Suvorov's grain. Difficult and hazardous as the plan was, its success might have been ensured by the determination of the commander and the courage of his men. The Swiss campaign would have turned out entirely different had it not been for the subsequent intervention of totally unforeseen circumstances.

In the first place the Austrians gave Suvorov incorrect information about the numbers and disposition of the French troops. Hotze informed him that Masséna had 60,000 men under his command, whereas actually he had 84,000. Secondly, and what was still worse, the entire plan, as was subsequently revealed, was based on the profoundest ignorance of the topography of the region. Hotze informed Suvorov that from Altdorf to Schwyz there was a "footpath" along the shore of Lake Lucerne, and accordingly, in the marching orders Weyrother drew up he stated: "The column will march from Altdorf to Schwyz and that same night will advance 14 miles further." There was, however, no land communication between Altdorf and Schwyz, the road ended in a *cul de sac*. Communication between the two was maintained across Lake Lucerne, which was entirely controlled by a French flotilla. This reduced the plan to a useless and perilous undertaking.

On September 7 the Russian troops advanced to St. Gothard, but on that very day a French column appeared near the besieged fortress of Tortona, marching to relieve it. Although officially the Austrian army was supposed to be in complete control of the Italian front, and in spite of the perfidy already displayed by the Austrians in Switzerland, Suvorov without hesitation ordered his troops to turn back. On sighting the Russian troops Moreau again retreated into the mountains. Tortona surrendered to the Austrians, but the Russians lost several days. Instead of starting well out on the 7th they did so only on the 10th, and Masséna in Switzerland took the utmost advantage of this delay. The French Commander-in-Chief planned to defeat the forces of Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze before Suvorov's arrival. The Russian Field Marshal divined this plan. He was already aware that he had to deal with an exceptionally determined opponent who would take advantage of every favourable opportunity that occurred. He endeavoured to make up for the three days he had lost in chivalrously turning back to Tortona by speeding up his march. In the course of five days his troops covered 150 kilometres and arrived at Taverne, at the foot of the Swiss Alps. Here, by arrangement with Melas, the Russian troops were to have received provisions enough for twelve days, and 1,430 mules for the purpose of carrying the baggage and artillery across the mountains. Neither the one nor the other was provided.

Suvorov was furious and inclined more and more to the opinion he expressed to General Fuchs six months later: "They drove me to Switzerland in order to destroy me." But Suvorov was the type of man who bravely faced every new difficulty that arose. The idea of abandoning the march never entered his head. He ransacked every nook and corner of the town and within four days managed to procure several hundred mules. The rest of his baggage he loaded on his sturdy Cossack ponies. On September 21 he resumed the march, but he had lost another five days, from the 15th to the 20th, and, as subsequent events showed, this loss was irretrievable. In the interval Masséna succeeded in executing his plan.

Suvorov despatched one column under the command of General Derfelden straight to St. Gothard and another under the command of General Rosenberg to Disentis round St. Gothard. Suvorov rode with Derfelden's corps on a Cossack pony, protected from the icy wind only by a thin blue cloak

—which his soldiers humorously said was “his father’s,” although he had had it made by a tailor in Kherson—and wearing on his head a light, broad-brimmed hat. By his side rode a Swiss named Antonio Gamma, an old man, 65 years of age, in whose house in Taverne the Field Marshal had stayed. The old man had been so charmed by Suvorov that he resolved to accompany him on his march and proved to be an excellent guide and interpreter. The weather created increasing difficulties. A participant in this march subsequently wrote: “The rain came down in torrents, a sharp wind blew from the mountains and pierced one through and through.” Every now and again the men had to wade waist-high in ice-cold water. The French infantry were supplied with hobnailed mountaineers’ boots, but the Austrians, of course, had not taken the trouble to supply similar footwear for the Russians. Unaccustomed to mountain roads and burdened by heavy loads, the Russian soldiers became utterly exhausted. In three days they covered 75 kilometres, but both men and animals were on the verge of collapse.

Near the village of Airolo enemy advance detachments were stationed, numbering about 9,000 men. The Russians had twice that number, but their more favourable position and familiarity with the terrain gave the French an enormous advantage. The Russian soldiers gazed in awe at mountains towering above them, and at the rocky crags and deep gorges through which mountain rivers were rushing. A frontal attack on St. Gothard was an extraordinarily difficult undertaking, but Suvorov could not wait in idleness until the results of General Rosenberg’s long detour became known. He was afraid that, if left to himself, Rosenberg would suffer defeat.

On September 24 Suvorov launched a direct assault on St. Gothard. He divided his troops into three columns, two of which he instructed to carry out minor, “partial” detour movements. Clambering up the steep, almost perpendicular rocks Bagrattion’s column outflanked the French on the left. The latter retired to an even stronger position. Hiding in ravines and behind rocks, they picked off the Russian soldiers laboriously climbing the steep slopes. Two Russian attacks were repulsed with enormous losses. Although it was only 4 o’clock in the afternoon, the mountains began to be enveloped in darkness. Not wishing to remain in this indefinite position all night without news of Rosenberg and of Bagrattion who had gone to make another detour, Suvorov ordered a third assault.

The troops again went out to meet the hail of bullets flying all around them, but at this juncture a line of Bagrattion’s men appeared on the snowy summits. Bagrattion had succeeded in outflanking the French again. The enemy hastily retired; St. Gothard was captured.

The road to Lake Lucerne now appeared to be open, at least so Suvorov assumed, for at 11 o’clock that night he sent the following message to Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze: “In spite of delay expect to be in Altdorf tomorrow.” His plans, however, were thwarted by an unexpected and daring manoeuvre performed by General Lecourbe, the courageous and capable officer in command of a French division. Hurling his artillery into the river, he, at night, ascended the wild peaks of Bertzberg and crossing the trackless mountains at a height of 8,000 feet descended to the village of Goschenen by the morning, and once again stood across Suvorov’s path.

The day after the capture of St. Gothard the forces of Generals Derfelden and Rosenberg united and together continued their advance towards Altdorf. At about a kilometre from the village of Urner the road was blocked by a huge crag through which ran a passage known as Urner Loch, or Hole. This passage was about 80 paces long and so narrow that the men with their packs could pass through it only in single file. On the other side the road bent sharply round the mountain and several hundred paces further on was cut short by the bank of the river Reuss which rushed past this point in a raging, foaming torrent, filling the vicinity with its roar. Stretched across it at a height of 75 feet there was a flimsy bridge, which seemed to vibrate with the roar of the river, and was continuously bespattered with its foam. This was the famous Devil's Bridge.

A more inaccessible position could not be conceived. General Lecourbe was so convinced that the Russians would be unable to break through here that he did not trouble to destroy the Devil's Bridge, which, he calculated, he might want to use himself. He posted a detachment at the exit of Urner Loch, placed a gun in the aperture, and concentrated two battalions beyond the Devil's Bridge where, concealed by rocks, they were invisible to the Russians. He thus had the narrow track and the bridge under fire.

The Russian vanguard commanded by General Miloradovich began to pass through the Urner Loch, but it was met by a hail of bullets and grapeshot, and hastily retreated. Suvorov again resorted to the inevitable detours. Clambering up the smooth slopes at a dizzying height, 300 men under the command of Colonel Trubnikov got into the rear of the defenders of Urner Loch. The French, catching sight of the Russian soldiers above them, feared that they would be cut off and retired. The instant he observed this Miloradovich led an attack through the Urner Loch, and, breaking through the curtain of enemy bullets, went in pursuit, joined by Trubnikov's men who quickly descended from the height. The French managed to throw their gun into the river. Some of them crossed the Devil's Bridge; the rest were cut down and hurled into the chasm.

The area in front of the Devil's Bridge swarmed with thousands of Russian soldiers, but a direct attack on the bridge was impossible. The first daring men to attempt to cross it were laid low by bullets. The Russians took cover behind the rocks and opened fire on the enemy. Meanwhile, 200 Chasseurs forded the river, which, though shallow, flowed with tremendous swiftness over its rocky bed. Many of the men were swept away by the current and perished, but seeing that the river could be forded, Suvorov sent another battalion to reinforce the survivors. Suddenly, to the surprise of the French, this detachment appeared on the other side of the bridge. The French were panic-stricken. Hastily damaging part of the stone supports of the bridge they began to retreat, still, however, keeping the bridge under fire. Nevertheless, the fire was now not nearly as heavy as it had been before. A small party of Russian soldiers demolished a small wooden shed standing nearby, tied the planks together with their scarves and belts and creeping to the broken supports laid the planks across the broken part of the bridge. The first to rush across this crazy structure was Major Meshcherski, but a bullet struck him and he fell dead. He was followed by a Cossack, but the latter slipped and fell into the seething

water below. But soon scores of other daring men, supporting each other, though many were struck down by bullets, reached the other bank and hurled themselves upon the French. The Devil's Bridge was captured.

The bridge was soon repaired and by four o'clock in the afternoon Suvorov's entire army was on the other side of the river, hot in pursuit of the enemy. Here and there it was found necessary to cross the seething river again. Lecourbe had destroyed all the bridges, but this did not detain his pursuers long. As the Russian troops approached nearer to Lake Lucerne the landscape changed. The mountains seemed to widen out and the narrow gorges gave way to broad valleys. Meadows and fields appeared, and the snowy summits of the mountains were replaced by a green crown of forest. The magnificent panorama of the Alps stretched out before the gaze of the Russian soldiers and at their feet lay the picturesque village of Altdorf. The army forgot the hardships it had just gone through. Its junction with the other forces was imminent. Leaving the unaccustomed, frightful mountains, and led by its beloved Commander-in-Chief, it was now ready to meet any foe. The Russian army covered the 100 kilometre march from Taverne to Altdorf in six days and in the course of it crossed St. Gothard and the Devil's Bridge, no mean feat even for veteran mountaineers.

But soon the bitter truth became revealed. A little beyond Altdorf the St. Gothard road came to an end on the shore of Lake Lucerne, "on which French warships cruised. There was no road to Schwyz except two tracks that ran across the snow-capped summit of Kinzig into the Muotta Thal, whence a road led to Schwyz. In the autumn these tracks were regarded as impassable even for experienced Swiss huntsmen. Of Linken's Austrian unit not a word was heard except a rumour the inhabitants of Altdorf had heard of a battle having taken place the day before in which the French were said to have been the victors. Suvorov's men had had no proper meal for several days, as the pack animals had failed to keep up with the main body and were strung out for a distance of 30 kilometres. Lecourbe's light detachments had cut off part of the baggage train and in Altdorf only a small quantity of provisions could be obtained. Above all, Lecourbe's main forces, numbering 6,000 men, were concentrated near Lake Lucerne on Suvorov's flank, waiting for the opportune moment to attack him again. Cut off from its base, lacking provisions, with ammunition almost run out, weary and half the men sick, the plight of Suvorov's army was critical indeed.

Suvorov himself was very sick on his arrival to Altdorf. He was tormented by a hacking cough, he was in a high fever, and his strength was almost spent. But this feeble body in which the spark of life barely glowed was still animated by the indomitable will of a hero. The idea of retreating never entered Suvorov's mind. Only one thing worried him—he was already a day late for his junction in Schwyz, and this delay might result in the defeat of Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze. Consequently he gave his weary troops no rest but set out from Altdorf next morning. Had he known that Masséna had already defeated the two allied corps he probably would have acted differently and would have allowed his army to recuperate; but he received no information except vague rumours which had so often misled him in

Italy. Spurred on by his sense of duty as Commander-in-Chief, he decided at all costs to join the corps that were waiting for him.

With this purpose in view he decided to perform a march which hitherto had had no parallel in military history. He chose the road through Rostock. Nothing but his boundless confidence in himself and in his men could have dictated this seemingly insane decision to him. We cannot refrain from quoting here two utterances by Suvorov and Napoleon—who crossed the Alps a year later—which, perhaps, may show to what extent the mentality of these two great soldiers was similar. Suvorov said: "Where a deer can cross, a soldier can cross." Napoleon said: "Where a goat can cross, a man can cross. Where a man can cross, a battalion can cross, and where a battalion can cross, an army can cross."

At five in the morning Prince Bagrattion's vanguard began the ascent. The track grew steeper and steeper, became less distinct and finally almost vanished. The soldiers clambered up in single file, clutching at the sparse bushes, and with every step dislodging small avalanches of rock which battered the men behind them. Then came a belt of soft snow, through which the men laboured knee-deep. The artillery had to carry their guns and ammunition on their shoulders. Now and again horses and mules fell over the precipice carrying precious bales of provisions with them. The trail of the army was strewn with the corpses of men and animals. Milyutin, the historian of this amazing march, described it in the following way: "Every false step cost a life. . . . Often dark clouds swept across the mountain slopes, enveloping the column in a dense mist and drenching the troops with their cold moisture as if they were marching through pouring rain. Enveloped in dampness and gloom, they continued to grope their way upward, seeing nothing above or below them. Utterly exhausted, they would halt for a time, and having rested, begin clambering again."

The distance between Altdorf and Muotta Thal was 16 kilometres. Twelve hours after this frightful march commenced, the vanguard of the Russian forces crossed the range. Dispersing the French outpost that was carelessly guarding the approaches, they entered Muotta Thal. At that time the tail of the Russian army was still in Altdorf, as the entire force was obliged to march in single file. Those who were overtaken by darkness in the mountains spent an awful night. When the light failed they stopped in their tracks and remained there till morning without shelter from the wind and snow. Their torn and frozen hands were unable to grasp what support they had and many let go their hold and dropped past their comrades over the precipice to meet death on the rocks below.

Lecourbe tried to attack the Russian rearguard in Altdorf, but was repulsed, after which he made no further attempt to attack it. It is said that on learning that the Russian army had crossed Kinzig this gallant Frenchman expressed his admiration and awe.

Immediately on arriving in the Muotta Thal Suvorov sent out a reconnaissance. On their return the scouts brought the sinister news that Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze had been defeated and were in retreat, and that the Muotta Thal was surrounded by Masséna's overwhelming forces. Thus, far from improving its position by its heroic march the army had walked into a trap. Suvorov listened to the scouts' report in stony silence and then burst

out in anger: "Hotze! Yes, they are used to that. They were always beaten. But Korsakov! Korsakov had 30,000 men, yet he let himself be beaten by an equal number of the enemy!"

Rimski-Korsakov was defeated on September 25, on the very day that Suvorov's men stormed the Devil's Bridge. The enforced delay in Taverne had enabled the French to prepare their blow. Masséna and Mortier hurled themselves upon the Russians. Korsakov and General Durasov, his second in command, lost their heads. It was the staunchness of the men, who on their own initiative rectified the blunders of their commanders, that averted an utter rout. Nevertheless, in this Battle of Zurich Korsakov's corps lost a large part of its effectives in killed and prisoners, 26 guns, 9 standards and nearly all its baggage. The surviving troops retreated right up to the Rhine.

On that same day the French, under the command of Soult, struck a frightful blow at Hotze's corps. The Austrians fled in utter panic. Hotze himself was killed. Linken's unit abandoned Glarus without a fight.

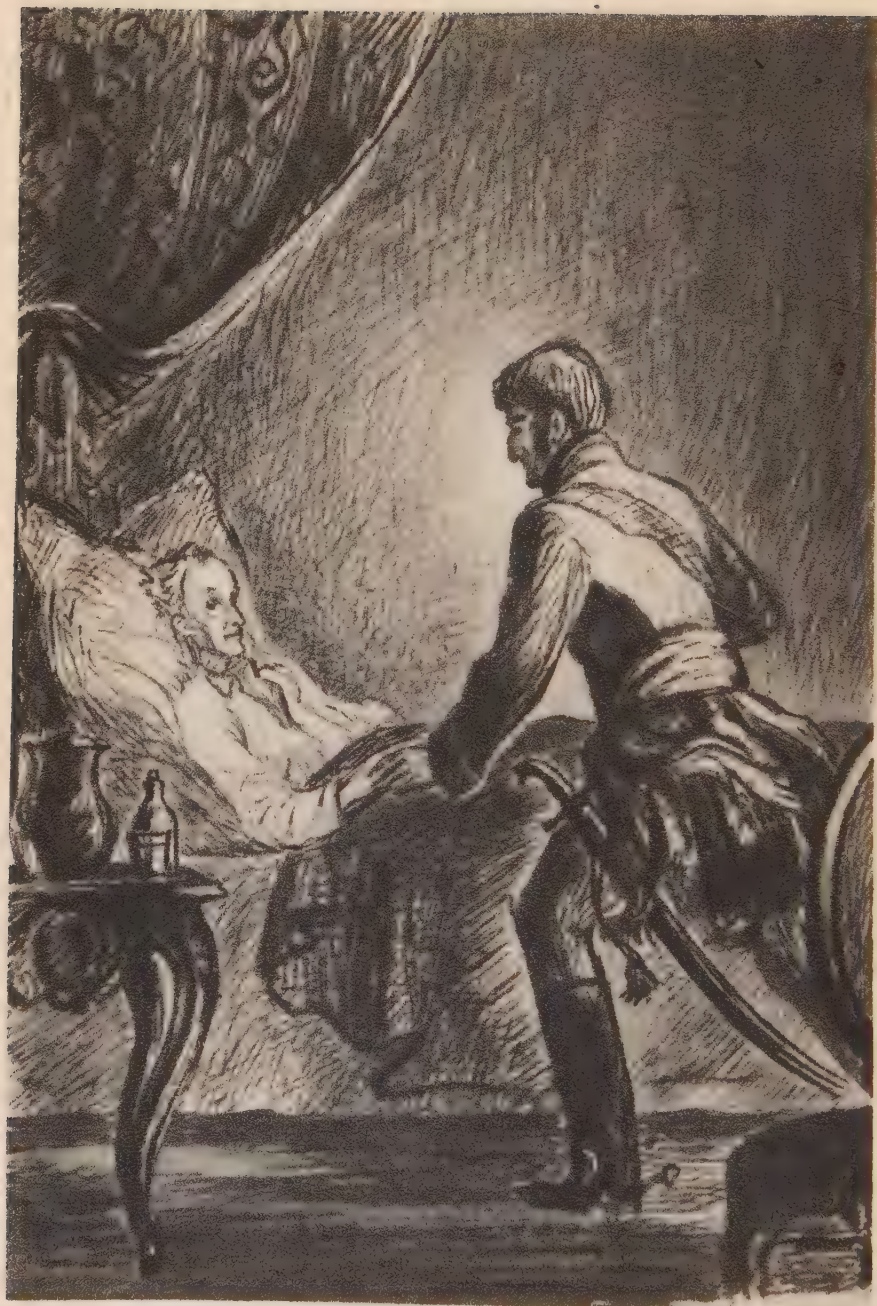
Thus, on the day Suvorov arrived in Muotta Thal there was not a single regiment in Switzerland that could afford him the military assistance or provide him with the provisions which he so sorely needed. As a participant in this campaign related: "There was a great shortage of provisions. All the rusks had been spoiled by the weather. The villages in the vicinity were poverty-stricken and had been looted by the French. . . . We dug up roots in the valley and ate them. . . . We were so short of meat that we used for consumption parts of animals that we would have spurned with disgust at other times. We even used the animals' hides. We cut them into strips which we wound round ramrods, held them over the fire to singe the hair and ate them half raw."

Several thousand exhausted and starving men with no ammunition stood face to face with a fresh and formidable army 80,000 strong, reinforced by such allies as impassable mountains and cold. To fight seemed hopeless. Capitulation seemed the only way out. Masséna himself was convinced that the Russian army had now no alternative but to surrender. On leaving Zurich for Muotta Thal he laughingly told some Russian prisoner-of-war officers that he would return within a few days bringing their Field Marshal with him. Suvorov's officers too began to talk among themselves about an honourable capitulation. The only man, perhaps, to whom this idea never occurred was sick, feverish, 70 year-old Suvorov, who, riding a Cossack pony, had shared all the hardships of his men.

The first thought that crossed Suvorov's mind was to fight his way to Schwyz, where he could obtain provisions, but reason gained the upper hand. He realized that sooner or later his army would be destroyed by the well-fed and well-supplied divisions of Masséna. He then decided to fight his way to Glarus where he hoped to join Linken, and, after his men had recuperated, "revive" the campaign. His army would have to face fresh hardships. It was necessary to rouse their spirit and to imbue them all, from the Generals right to the last private, with indomitable determination to fight. On September 29, Suvorov convened a Council of War, to which, incidentally, the Austrian General Auffenberg, who was with the Russian army, was not invited.



VII. SUVOROV CROSSING ST. GOTHARD



VIII. BAGRATION AT SUVOROV'S DEATHBED

Bagrattion, the first to arrive, found Suvorov in an unusual state of excitement. Dressed in full Field Marshal's uniform, with all his decorations and regalia, he paced rapidly up and down the room and, apparently unaware of Bagrattion's presence, muttered to himself in jerky phrases: "Parades. . . . Changing Guard. . . . Great sense of importance. . . . If he just turns round—hats off. . . . Good God. . . . Yes, even this is needed—but in its proper time. . . . What is needed more—is to know how to conduct war. . . . To be able to fight. . . . Nothing clever in being defeated! To lose so many thousands. . . . And what men! . . . In one day. . . . God help us. . . ."

Bagrattion silently left the room, leaving the Field Marshal to his bitter reflections. Evidently Suvorov was thinking of those in high places who were responsible for the death of many thousands of Russians and had endangered his own reputation.

When all the officers who had been invited to the Council had assembled Suvorov addressed them, but it was not the familiar eccentric old man they saw before them. His voice rang with restrained emotion and the vigour with which he spoke was electrifying. He briefly reviewed the Italian campaign, described the treacherous behaviour of the Austrians and revealed the purpose of his recall from Italy. He denounced the Archduke's premature withdrawal from Switzerland, which had led to Korsakov's defeat, and bitterly recalled the fatal loss of five days in Taverne. Summing up he said: "Now we are in the mountains surrounded by superior enemy forces. What shall we do? It is impossible to proceed to Schwyz; Masséna has over 60,000 men, while we have barely 20,000. Moreover, we have no provisions, ammunition or artillery. . . . We cannot expect assistance from anywhere. . . . We are on the verge of ruin. . . . We have only one hope—God and the courage and self-sacrifice of our troops. We are Russians! . . ." Here his voice broke and, unashamed, he burst into tears.

General Derfelden stated on behalf of all those present that the troops were ready uncomplainingly to go wherever their great Commander would lead them. Suvorov brightened up at this. His eyes gleamed. "Yes," he said emphatically. "We are Russians and we shall surmount all obstacles!"

Next day Bagrattion set out at the head of the vanguard in the direction of Glarus. He was followed by Shveikovsky's division. Rosenberg's division remained in Muotta Thal to hold up the enemy forces which were approaching from Schwyz. Masséna, who personally commanded the French operations, possessed a far larger force than the Russians, but the attack he launched was not successful. The regiments commanded by Miloradovich and Rebinder, jointly with Grekov's Cossacks, put the French to flight and pursued them for four kilometres. At dawn next day Masséna repeated the attack, but was again unsuccessful. By repeated counter-attacks the Russian infantry compelled the French to retreat in disorder over the bridge across the river that flowed through this valley. The parapets of this bridge were broken, and this proved fatal for the French. The bridge became congested with panic-stricken French soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery. A terrific crush occurred as a result of which scores and scores of men were pushed over the broken parapets into the river. The Cossacks pursued the fugitives right up to Schwyz. This was a unique victory, won by exhausted,

surrounded and retreating troops over a far more numerous, fresh and victorious enemy. It proved that Suvorov's army knew not despondency, and that its fighting spirit had remained unbroken.

In this amazing battle many Frenchmen were taken prisoner, among them being General Lecourbe, the commander of the French troops at St. Gothard and the Devil's Bridge. Notwithstanding the critical condition the Russian army was in, the captured Frenchmen, involuntarily sharing all the further hardships of the Russians, were taken out of Switzerland and subsequently exchanged for Russian prisoners.

Thus, the Russian rearguard had brilliantly performed its task and could now proceed to join the army now on the way to Glarus. Desiring to break away from the enemy, Rosenberg resorted to a ruse. He sent the mayor of Schwyz an order to prepare provisions for 12,000 Russian troops, who, he said, were to enter the city on October 2. Naturally, Masséna soon heard of this order and waited a whole day for the arrival of the Russians. Meanwhile, Rosenberg noiselessly broke camp and marched towards Glarus. The French General never forgave himself for falling into this trap. Realizing that it would be impossible to overtake the Russians he hastened to Glarus by another route.

After Linken's hasty retreat, Glarus was occupied by a French division commanded by Molitor. Bagrattion's detachment heroically attacked the French, but the features of the terrain here were all to the advantage of the defence. Night found the Russians at the foot of a fortified camp. They lay down to rest in the snow, lacking even brushwood with which to light fires. At this juncture, the Russian main forces arrived, and Suvorov, ferreting out Bagrattion, literally begged him to make one more effort. Bagrattion took a regiment of Chasseurs and four battalions of Grenadiers and, taking advantage of the dense mist that had fallen, went to outflank the enemy positions. Clambering up the rocks in pitch darkness, the men reached the French and charged them with their bayonets. In the darkness many of them lost their footing and went hurtling to their death. Meanwhile Shveikovsky's division resumed the frontal attack. This combined blow compelled the French to retreat. With the arrival of reinforcements the French counter-attacked the Russians and pressed them back, but the latter returned the blow and again put the French to flight. Some positions passed from hand to hand no less than six times. In the end Glarus was captured by the Russians. Here some stocks of provisions were found and for the first time for many days the troops were able to enjoy a hot meal.

Three days later, on October 4, Rosenberg's rearguard arrived. The weary, but still formidable army could now proceed further. But where to? The first plan, to join Linken in Glarus and then to march to Sargans where the remnants of Hotze's corps had assembled, had perforce to be dropped as Linken had vanished without leaving a trace, and Masséna's army stood on the road to Sargans. Under other circumstances Suvorov would not have hesitated to attack Masséna, but the Russian army lacked ammunition, the men were hungry and in rags and looked more like a horde of tramps than soldiers. The officers were in no better plight. General Rebinder, for example, wore a pair of top boots without soles, and to protect his feet from the cold and rough stones he bound them with strips of cloth.

Suvorov called another Council of War at which it was decided, in order to preserve the remnants of the army, to avoid further fighting and to turn south to Ilanz, in the valley of the Rhine. There, after joining Korsakov and drawing up the artillery, it would be possible to resume the campaign. Leaving the severely sick to the benevolence of the French, Suvorov's army, on the night of October 4, started on its last march in Switzerland.

The route ahead was even more arduous than all those the Russian troops had hitherto covered. They had to cross the snowy summit of Mount Panix. The narrow track which wound round the edge of a precipice became impassable owing to a heavy snowfall. This sudden and unexpected misfortune marked the crowning point of all the hardships the Russian army had suffered in Switzerland.

While Bagration, at Glarus, was covering the retreat of the Russian main forces, repelling, without ammunition and without shells, the furious attacks of the French, Miloradovich's vanguard began the frightful ascent of Panix. It was now utterly impossible to drag the artillery. Some of the remaining 25 guns were thrown over the precipice, others were buried. Even the pack animals found it difficult to retain their footing on the frozen snow and over 300 bales of provisions were lost owing to the mules and horses slipping over the precipice. One of the participants of this last march of the Russian army in Switzerland wrote: "The mountains which we crossed, ascending and descending, were frightfully high, steep and intersected by deep chasms. . . . A damp, dense mist enveloped us. . . . We were drenched by the snow and sleet, and a cold sharp wind knocked us off our feet. . . . But we moved quickly and determinedly, without the slightest complaint. . . . Alexander Vassilyevich (Suvorov) rode his old Cossack pony covered with a blue, threadbare cloak, and with his Field Marshal's hat with the brim down on his head."

The higher they ascended the more difficult it became for the men to proceed. In some places they had to crawl on all fours over the icy crust. All the guides deserted them, and the troops pressed forward blindly, often falling into deep snowdrifts. The blizzard covered up everything and every man was obliged to grope for a foothold. Rocks, loosened by the storm, went crashing into the abyss, often dragging men with them. Every false step cost a life. To slip meant death.

Suvorov, his eyes burning with fever, rode among the men, shivering from the gusts of wind that blew through his light cloak. "Never mind, never mind," he kept on repeating, "*Russak nye trussak* (a Russian is no craven). . . . We shall pull through!" Two Cossacks led his horse by the bridle. An eyewitness related that he had insisted on going on foot, but his bodyguard silently but firmly held him in his saddle, now and again, however, ordering him sternly to "sit still," and Suvorov would meekly obey.

And so they reached the summit, but not a single track led downwards; nothing but steep ice-covered precipices surrounded them. Nearly all those in front who attempted to descend perished. There was nothing to clutch at in falling, not a tree, not a bush, not even a protruding rock. It was so cold that hands and feet became numbed. Many of the soldiers froze to death.

It suddenly occurred to one of the men to sit on the edge of the precipice and slide down. Thousands of men followed his example. Tightly grasping

their muskets they glided down into the gloomy depths. The surviving horses were pushed over the edge and forced to do the same. Gryazev, a participant in this march, wrote: "Everything depended on chance. Some remained unharmed, but many broke their necks and legs, and were left there."

At midday, on October 7, the survivors mustered in the village of Panix and that same night they arrived in Ilanz. Of the 20,000 infantry and Cossacks who entered Switzerland, 10,000 fit men remained. Thus, "the most outstanding crossing of the Alps in modern times," as Engels described it in his *The Po and Rhine*, was accomplished, and this brought the Swiss campaign to an end. Gazing at his ragged, emaciated but ever cheerful soldiers, Suvorov proudly said: "The Russian eagles have outflown the Roman eagles." In his despatch to the Emperor Paul, Suvorov described the campaign as follows:

"I was cut off and surrounded, night and day we attacked the enemy, in front and in the rear, captured his guns, which we were obliged to throw over the precipice owing to the shortage of pack animals, and inflicted on him losses four times heavier than ours. Everywhere we forced our way through as victors. . . ."

This unexampled march was a severe test for the Russian army and for its commander, and both came through it with flying colours. The four weeks' campaign in Switzerland was the crowning episode in Suvorov's brilliant career and a glorious addition to the laurels of the Russian people. This campaign revealed that the mighty spirit of the Russian soldier, his energy, endurance and determination could be raised to a degree that enabled him to overcome all obstacles, the severest privation, the sternest climate and the most formidable foes.

CHAPTER XI

The End



S SUVOROV, shivering with cold, was laboriously climbing over Mount Panix he was turning over in his mind the details of a new plan of campaign, but all his schemes were dashed to the ground by the message in which the Emperor Paul notified the Emperor of Austria in the most emphatic terms of the rupture of the alliance between Russia and Austria. Suvorov was instructed to commence preparations for the return march to Russia. On November 26 the Russian troops set out for home. The Austrian Emperor sent a message to Suvorov in which, in terms almost of despair, he implored him to postpone the march and promised unstinting support in the event of hostilities being resumed. To General Count Esterhazy, who delivered the message, Suvorov said: "I arrived at the place of junction on the appointed day and found myself abandoned. Instead of finding an army in perfect order and in an advantageous position, I found no army at all. . . . An old soldier like myself can be fooled only once; he would be a fool indeed if he allowed himself to be tricked a second time." Count Esterhazy exercised all the eloquence at his command to persuade Suvorov to change his mind but in vain. On departing he exclaimed: "What a man! His wisdom and knowledge are equal to his greatness as a General. I can get nothing out of him!" Evidently, the Count had impressed Suvorov and the latter, discarding the mask of eccentricity, let the Austrian see him in his real greatness. To the Emperor he replied that he could not hold up his troops without fresh instructions, and in conclusion offered him the following advice: "If you want to fight the French, fight well, for a badly fought war is deadly poison."

On January 26, marching in two columns, the army entered Russia.

Information has come down to us to the effect that on returning from Switzerland Suvorov was filled with apprehension that his fruitless campaign would be turned to his discredit and damage his long and successful career, but his fears were groundless. The reasons for his failure to achieve the objects of the campaign were all too obvious, and the endurance, courage and determination displayed by Suvorov and the entire army enhanced their

fame. The Emperor Paul raised Suvorov to the rank of Generalissimo of all the armed forces of Russia. The crowned heads of Europe vied with each other in expressing their admiration for him. Vorontsov, the Russian ambassador in London, reported that in England Suvorov's name is "invariably pronounced with enthusiasm." Lord Grenville, the Foreign Secretary, commenting on the way Suvorov had conducted the campaign and on the behaviour of the Austrians, stated: "That is how war should be waged . . . and a brave army eager to match its strength against the enemy's should not be paralyzed by political intrigue." And Louis Dutens, a celebrated French scientist domiciled in England, wrote to Vorontsov: "I heartily congratulate you on the successes your gallant countrymen are achieving for their allies on all sides."

It may not be commonly known that a Russian navigator in the 20's of the last century named a group of islands in the Pacific that he discovered after the great Russian General. The Suvorov Islands are now held by mandate by New Zealand.

Suvorov stood on the pinnacle of fame. Still alive, his name had already become a legend. While on the march the soldiers sang songs to the glory of their Suvorov. Raw recruits on joining the forces listened with bated breath to the thrilling stories the veterans told about him. Twelve years later, when the Russian people were compelled to fight for their national independence against Napoleon, the Russian army, led by Kutuzov, was inspired by the memory of their Commander's great teacher, Suvorov, and by his behests and fighting traditions.

Suvorov had dreamed of such fame in his youth, but now it came too late. He felt the cold breath of death and he was borne down by the load of injustice and wrong to which he had been so often subjected in the course of his life. On the day his troops crossed from Bohemia into Russia he felt indisposed. In Cracow he handed over the command to Rosenberg and went on ahead. His farewell to his troops was touching in the extreme. The old Field Marshal could not utter a word, his voice was choked by sobs. The soldiers stood silent, realizing that they were seeing their beloved leader for the last time.

As he travelled slowly towards St. Petersburg his strength steadily oozed away; his health became rapidly worse. The only thing that sustained him was the constant evidence he was receiving of universal esteem and admiration, and the news of the preparations being made for his triumphal reception in the capital. But he was not aware that the Court and aristocracy were preparing to strike him their last relentless blow. On March 20, the Emperor Paul issued an Order of the Day containing the following reprimand: "In violation of Imperial Regulations Generalissimo, Prince Suvorov, retained in his Corps, according to former custom, a permanent Adjutant General, whereof the entire Army is notified." That same day the following rescript was sent to Suvorov: "Monsieur Generalissimo, Prince Italisky, Count Suvorov of Rimnik. It has come to my knowledge that while in command of our troops abroad, you had with you a general whom you called 'Adjutant General,' in violation of all my established rules and Imperial Regulations. Surprised at this, I command you to inform me what prompted you to do this."

Suvorov received this rescript while on the road to St. Petersburg. This new and unexpected blow crushed him. He no longer had the strength to fight. His spirit was broken. His sickness made marked and rapid progress.

On this occasion the pretext for the royal displeasure was as trivial as that in 1797, but as before, the cause was deeper. While heaping rewards and compliments on the famous soldier, Paul secretly distrusted and detested him, and on the conclusion of the war this persistent dislike, no longer restrained by the circumstances of the moment, came to the surface with renewed force. Paul did not believe for a moment that the Generalissimo would now humbly and obediently pursue his military policy. He was aware that if Suvorov were put in command of the army he would certainly break up the organization that he, the Emperor, had built up with so much effort. This he could not tolerate. He preferred to rouse the astonishment of Europe and the sullen indignation of the entire Russian people rather than yield an inch in his principles, however monstrous they might be. That being the case, it was not difficult to find a pretext; one pretext was as good as another.

On April 23, when the streets were flooded with bright, though still cold, early spring sunshine, Suvorov slowly entered St. Petersburg. Not a soul came to meet him. For official circles he was no longer the great laurel-crowned hero, but a violator of Imperial Regulations. The carriage containing the sick Generalissimo reached the house near Krukov Canal where a relative of his lived. With difficulty he reached the room assigned to him and, in utter exhaustion, dropped on the bed. At that moment a courier from the Emperor was announced. The sick man, his eyes bright with fever, asked him to be shown in. The courier, Dolgoruki, drily stated that Generalissimo Prince Suvorov was prohibited from appearing at Court.

From that day Suvorov waged his last battle with inexorably approaching death. He still rose from his bed now and again, tried to study Turkish, and discussed military and political affairs. Not a word of complaint did he utter about his fate. But his memory was failing. He remembered the names of the generals he had vanquished with difficulty; he confused the details of his Italian campaign—although he clearly remembered the Turkish wars—and often failed to recognize those around him. His mind became dimmed. Sometimes from weakness he lost consciousness and came to only after energetic measures were taken.

Two days after Suvorov's arrival in St. Petersburg the Emperor ordered his *aides-de-camp* to be taken from him. Only a few dared to visit the dying hero. On learning that the Field Marshal's days were numbered, the Emperor displayed grudging and hypocritical sympathy by sending from time to time an officer to enquire in cold and official terms about his health. One day the Emperor sent Bagration. Suvorov gazed long at his favourite General, evidently failing to recognize him, but suddenly his face lit up, he uttered a few words, then, groaning with pain, fell into a state of delirium.

Life slowly, as if reluctantly, left the tortured body. The untamable spirit still refused to admit defeat. When it was suggested to Suvorov that he should accept extreme unction he refused, for he did not believe that he was dying. The doctor who visited him, the famous Grif, was amazed at his vitality. But death approached ever nearer. Ulcers broke out on his former

wounds, and gangrene set in. In his delirium he issued commands, imagining that he was on the battlefield. He rectified the blunders of the Austrians and marched on Genoa. In a last frenzied effort he whispered: "Genoa . . . battle. . . . Forward. . . ."

These were the last words Suvorov uttered. He still breathed convulsively, fighting his last frightful battle. On May 6th, 1800, he breathed his last.

His death came as a shock to the whole country. The army was plunged in grief. Old veterans turned their heads and wept. They had good reason to hide their tears. The feudal-aristocratic despotic Court of Russia frowned upon any sympathy shown for Suvorov and vented its spite on the old General even after his death. The official *Gazette* contained not a word about the death and funeral of the Generalissimo. The military honours accorded Suvorov were not those due to a Generalissimo, but to one of a rank lower, namely, a Field Marshal. Only ordinary army units participated in the funeral ceremonies, the Guards did not turn out, ostensibly because they were tired after a recent parade. On the other hand, nearly the entire population of St. Petersburg came out to bid the hero a silent farewell. A vast cortège followed the coffin, but in this great and solemn procession the courtiers and high state officials were conspicuous by their absence.

At ten o'clock in the morning the coffin bearing the remains of the great Russian military leader was carried out of the house, placed on a catafalque and drawn slowly between the lines of soldiers and close-packed crowds of people to the Alexander Nevsky Monastery. On the coffin, pinned to a velvet cushion, were the late Generalissimo's decorations, the Order of Andrei Pervosvanni, the Order of St. George, 1st Degree, the Order of Vladimir, 1st Degree, the Order of Alexander Nevsky, the Order of Anna, 1st Degree, and the Order of John of Jerusalem; the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle, the Order of the Red Eagle and the Medal "For Valour"; the Austrian Order of the Grand Cross and Order of Maria Theresa; the Bavarian Order of the Golden Lion and the Order of Hubert; the Sardinian Order of the Annunciation, the Order of Maurizio e Lazzaro; the Polish Order of the White Eagle and Order of St. Stanislaw; the French Order of Karmel and Order of St. Lazare, and many more; but every one standing in that silent crowd knew that far more enduring than all these decorations was the glory of the great soldier that would live in the memory of the Russian people.



Date Due

MAY 12 '56	MAY 5 '70		
SEP 24 '56	MAR 11 '78		
OCT 24 '82	FEB 11 '83		
OCT 24 '82			
NOV 20 '82			
FEB 27 '83			

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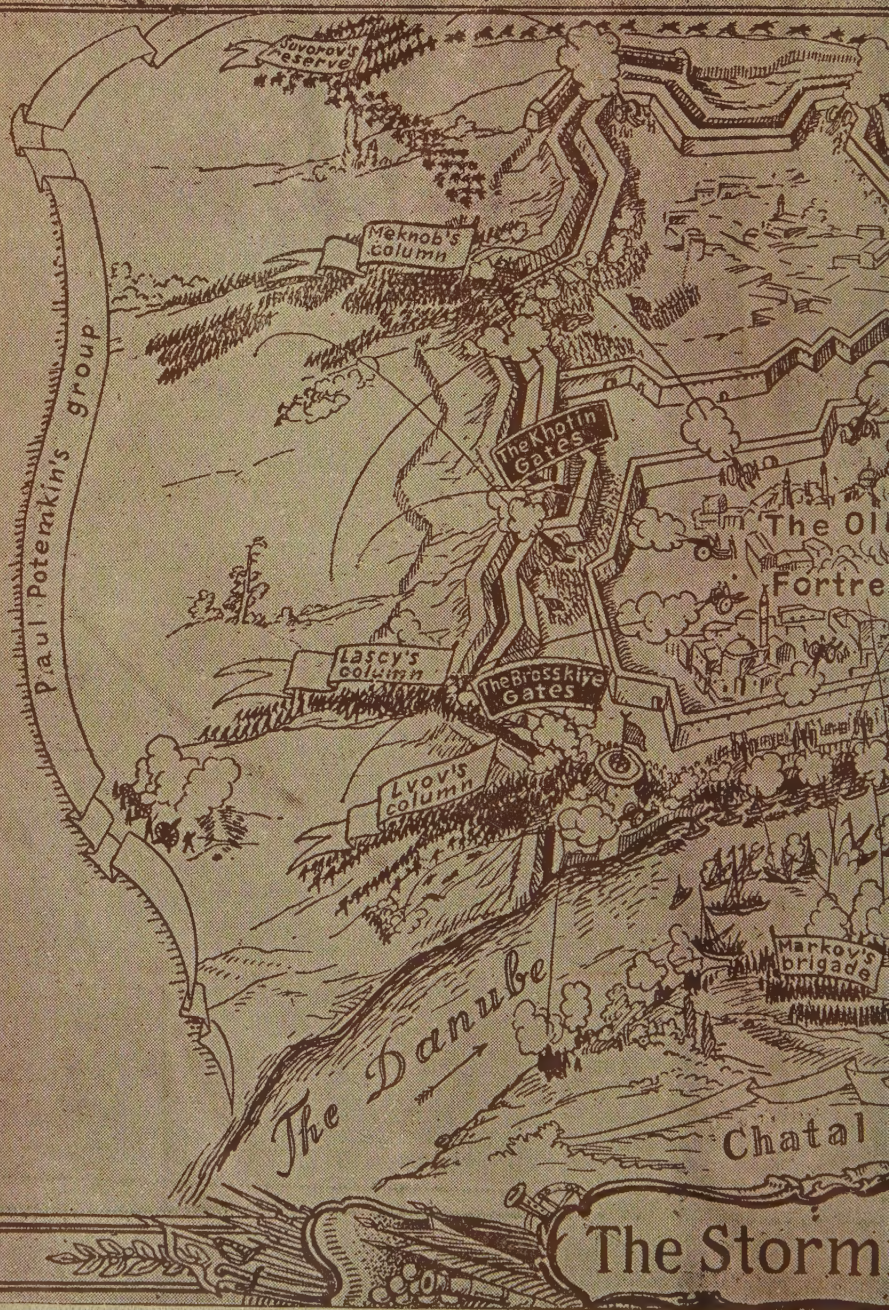
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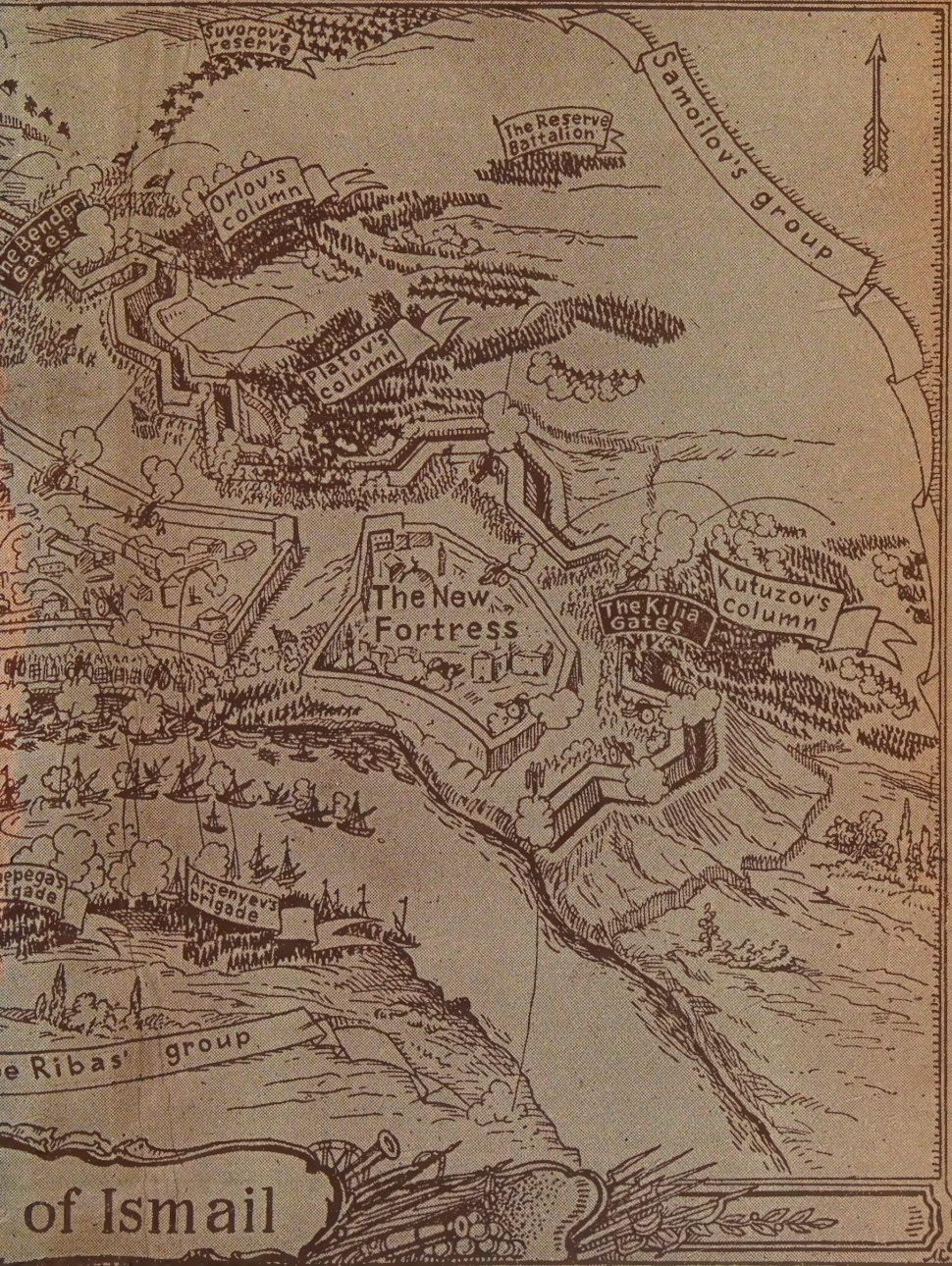
Osipov, K.
AUTHOR

Suvorov.
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DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME
MAY 12 '56	<i>Knights</i> May 18 '57
SEP 24 '56	<i>J. Mandel</i> Sep 20 '56
OCT 24 '82	<i>Mel Tarkenton</i> Oct 25 '62

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